

TB & VIRGINIA



1905



Lester E. Andrews

809 4th Ave.
Farmville, VA 23901-2111





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The Virginian



STATE
NORMAL
SCHOOL



1905

FARMVILLE - VIRGINIA



EVERETT WADDEY CO.

RICHMOND
VIRGINIA



Greeting

*Of happy days
And pleasant ways
Of school-life's tend'rest time,
The brightest hours—
These leaves and flowers,
The picture, jest, and rhyme,
This volume's made;
From glen and glade
Where lasting laurels leaned,
From hill and dale
And quiet vale
The leaves and blossoms gleaned.*

*And so, to-day,
This, our bouquet,
We make with wishes true,
And send you see,
All radiant, "The
Virginian" to you!*





Dedication

To her whose smiles are sweet enough—

The gladdest days a-whiling thro',

To her whose wiles are neat enough —

The saddest hours beguiling, too;

To her whose face is fair enough

To brighten every dreary day,

To her whose grace is rare enough

To lighten all the weary way;

To her whose heart is true enough

To take our very sorrows light,

To her whose art can view enough

To make the coming morrows bright!



MARY ST. CLAIR WOODRUFF



Calendar

1904-05

Sep 6 Opening of Session VII

Thanksgiving One day holiday

Christmas One week's vacation

January 22 Winter term begins

January 24 Spring term begins

Easter One day holiday

June 6 Session ends



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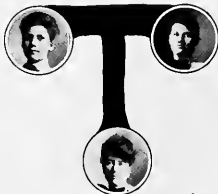
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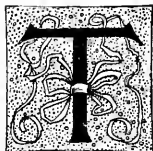
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Editorial



THE Editors of THE VIRGINIAN of 1905 express their sincerest appreciation of the hearty co-operation of many kind friends. First, we wish to thank Mr. Jarman, our President, to whose earnest support this issue of THE VIRGINIAN is largely due. We are grateful to Miss London, Miss Coulling, Miss Whiting, Miss Tabb, Mrs. Cochran, Mr. D. L. Bickers, and many others for their advice, suggestions and aid. Especial recognition is due Mr. Mattoon, to whose kindness we are indebted for the cover which so gracefully combines our class colors, buff and blue; also Miss Gertrude Ligon, for the frontispiece.

We appreciate the fact that THE VIRGINIAN of '05 could not have reached the success it has attained without the kind assistance of Miss Lula O. Andrews. She has relieved us of much responsibility and work by reviewing and correcting the material for print.

We trust THE VIRGINIAN of 1905 may be an enduring emblem of what is good and noble. May it reflect the independence and loyalty of our student body.

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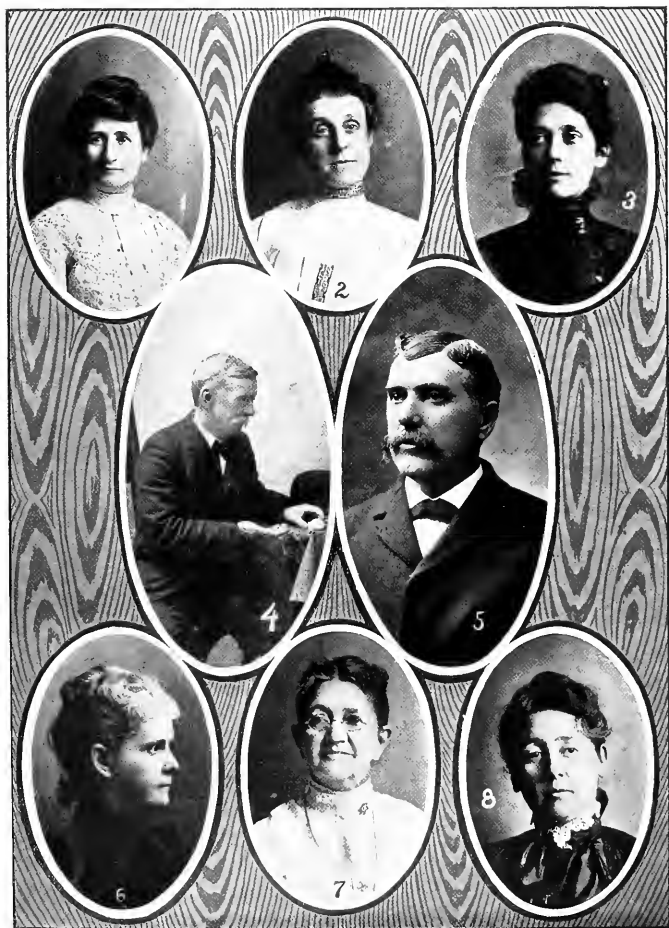
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January Graduates, '05

MOTTO: "*Alis volat propriis*"

COLORS: *Red and gray.*

FLOWER: *Red carnation.*

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CLASS ROLL

ELEANOR ABBITT,	MAUDE IVES,
AVICE ALLEN,	LIZZIE JAMES,
LUCY ANDERSON,	MARY E. JEFFRIES,
MARJORIE ATKINSON,	LAURA JOHNSON,
JANIE MAY CRUTE,	BEE LA BOYTEAUX,
MARIA COCKE,	MAY SUE MOORE,
MAUDE CHERNAULT,	STELLA REYNOLDS,
SALLIE GUY DAVIS,	ZAIDEE HENSON SMITH,
GEORGIA GRAVELY,	URSULA TUCK,

ALICE WARE.

<i>Salutatorian</i>	ALICE WARE.
<i>Valedictorian</i>	ZAIDEE SMITH.
<i>Prophet</i>	SALLIE DAVIS.
<i>Historian</i>	JANIE CRUTE.
<i>Poet</i>	MARY JEFFRIES.
<i>Honorary Member</i>	MRS. J. L. JARMAN.



CLASS OF JANUARY, 1905

Class History of January, 1905



*We are leaving now the sights and sounds of good old college days,
And go to meet this cold new world of uncertain blame or praise.
Before we go, let's look again at times that are no more,
And lift the veil that hides from us those happy days of yore.
"As one who cons at evening, an album all alone,
And muses on the faces of friends that he has known,
So I turn the leaves of fancy till, in shadowy design,"
I find the well-known faces of those old classmates of mine.*

History repeats itself, and a class history is no exception to the rule, but there are some, I am sure, who will agree with me that there never has been, and never will be, a class quite like the one of January, 1905. Very few are here now who entered one rainy day in September, four years ago, and signed a solemn pledge that they would marry as soon as they got through school, or else teach two years.

We were so frightened when they told us we must matriculate that one of our members meekly handed our president a laundry list, neatly filled out and signed. They had told her to go to the President's office and fill out one of the blanks on the table. She had not then taken Senior A Geography, nor studied distance and direction, so she went to the laundry instead.

When we were finally enrolled as First A's we felt that we had achieved greatness. There was smooth sailing for awhile; then came a bolt from a clear sky—a Latin test was announced. For days we studied Latin, talked in Latin, dreamed in Latin, and, if you will believe me, when our papers were examined it was discovered that we had failed in Latin.

It was during this year that Avice Allen impressed us with her vocal powers. In the music class she was always a little more ambitious than the rest of us, and at the most unexpected moments her voice would soar above ours.

When we received our tickets in June, a few, a very few, decided that old studies, like old friends, are best, so they took the class over again.

Then we studied chemistry, and Georgie Gravely learned the result of passing H₂O through water.

It was about this time, also, that we decided that not only the reputation of the school, but also the glory of the State, rested on our shoulders. Sometimes the other girls forgot this, and it was necessary for us to remind them before they seemed properly impressed. It was a familiar sight to see Alice

Ware and Lizzie James strolling down Main Hall, discoursing in French or German, and as for Bee La Boyteaux—

*"She has wrestled with the sages of the dim historic ages,
She has studied declamation from Demosthenes to Burke;
She has sounded Tarr and McMurtry, and been under Dante's power,
And can giggle in all languages, from English down to Turk."*

Then we were Seniors—grave and reverend Seniors, as we addressed each other in Seminar. We were certainly grave ones, especially, after our first psychology test.

Senior geography held no terrors for Sallie Davis. With a serene smile she calmly demonstrated every problem concerning the time in Egypt when it was half past two A. M. here. The rest of us, meanwhile, ground our teeth in despair and violently scratched our heads for the inspiration that was not.

When we passed Senior A we felt that there was nothing that could daunt us. We had not met the Training School. Oh, that first week! when our Supervisors with enquiring faces looked up at our wild questions, and the observing Senior A's, with satisfied smiles, wrote page after page of criticisms! But we fought on, and gradually the brilliant intellects asserted themselves, and we drew a deep breath of relief—the reputation of our class was saved.

Every one remarked the scarcity of flowers in town last fall. Eleanor Abbitt completely won the hearts of the children of the Second Grade when she sang to them, so the children brought all their mamma's flowers to her. Her devoted roommates had to bring water in tooth-mugs to wash their faces in because the pitchers were filled with her flowers.

If the editors of the *Times-Dispatch* had only asked asked Lucy Anderson, they would have found out everything the "Woggle-Bug" ever said, or ever dreamed of saying. The children of the Fifth Grade cannot pass a bird, worm, or bug, without longing glances, so interested have they become in Nature Study since she took charge of the class.

Before the term was over, Zaidee Smith brought fame to herself and glory to her class by the masterly way in which she beat the triangle for the children to march by.

It was an inspiring sight to see May Sue Moore, swinging her little clock, come into dinner just a few minutes late each day. She had the look of one who has come, and seen, and conquered.

It would take too long to mention all the geniuses of our class. The wisdom of the Senior B's is an accepted fact. For a statement to be verified, it needs only to be prefaced with the remark that a Senior B said it, and it will be added to the list of axioms.

Our history as a class is finished. The book is closed. To the future belongs the record of those deeds which, though they may not startle the world with their brilliancy, will show the fruits of the lessons learned here. In the years that are coming we shall ever hold among our most cherished possessions the memories of our school days, and of our class of January, 1905.

JANIE CRUTE.

Prophecy of Class of January

1905



T WAS the latter part of the summer of nineteen hundred seven. I was on my way to the Jamestown Exposition. This was a trip that I had long been planning, and it was with real delight that I caught the first glimpse of the historic little island from the hurricane deck of the "Pocahontas." The steamer was soon at the wharf, and the laughing, chattering sightseers were wandering away in groups, here, there, and everywhere.

As I passed along with the crowd I caught sight of a familiar face. I had been feeling somewhat lonely in all the great throng of pleasure-seekers, and with an exclamation of joy, I ran forward to greet Lucy Anderson, our class president. Our greeting over, forgetful of the bystanders and of the intervening years, we strolled away in that school-girl fashion which, in days gone by, had called forth the request from our President that we would not "arm each other around the campus during school hours."

As we talked of Alma Mater, graduating day and the many things in school-life so dear to the heart, we forgot our surroundings, till we found ourselves standing in the shadow of the famous old church tower. There we sat down and began to talk of our classmates.

"Tell me of yourself, Lucy," I said, "What have you been doing these years?"

"I have been teaching physical training at Rawlings Institute, in Charlottesville," she replied. "This summer I gave some lectures on the subject at the School of Methods in Charlottesville, and it was there that I saw some of our classmates. Maude Ives was there taking a special course in English. You know she is teaching the subject in the Norfolk High School. Maude told me that Ursula Tuck is now traveling secretary for the Y. W. C. A.

"Alice Ware, also, was at the University getting some new ideas to take back to Farmville. You know she has turned out to be one of our finest teachers, tho' it seemed to us, that last year at school, that the principal thing in her work was Miss Dunn.

"Margery Atkinson is making a great success as primary teacher, I hear, and Maude Chernault, our meek member, as a Methodist preacher's wife, is doing good work among the poor.

"As I passed through Richmond, on my way here, I saw Maria Cocke. She told me that she had found her life-work in her kindergarten

"And have you heard about Janie Crute?" I asked. "Madame Rumour says she is to be married in the fall. I was in Bedford City last winter while she was there on a visit, and she was the reigning belle of the season. Janie told me, too, that Eleanor Abbitt is as popular as ever, but we all know that her heart is too big to be centered on just one man, so her life will probably be one of single-blessedness."

"And Georgie Gravely," interrupted Lucy, is taking art and manual training at Teacher's College, New York.

"After Mary Jeffries' faithful work in the Y. W. C. A., at school, you will not be surprised to hear that she sailed for China last year, to become a missionary."

Just as Lucy finished speaking, our attention was attracted by a very happy looking couple that passed near by. We both instantly recognized Lizzie James as the charming bride on her honeymoon. To us, even at school, "Miss Lizzie's" future was as clear and as bright as her solitaire.

It was now growing late, and Lucy and I rose and started toward the hotel.

"What has become of Laura Johnson?" I asked, as we walked along.

"I heard that Laura is in the Memorial Hospital, in Richmond, studying to be a trained nurse," replied Lucy. "But do you know anything of our old friend, Bee La Boyteaux?"

"Bee was a Bible teacher in some school," I answered, "but she insisted on calling a certain book in the Bible 'Sams,' so she lost her position, and is now devoting her life to the study of just one Sam."

We had now reached the hotel, and we paused a moment in the beautiful reception hall, held there by the most entrancing music. The band was playing in the farther end of the hall, and as we saw it we both laughed, for there sat Avice Allen, tooting her horn, as in days of yore. Avice joined us, and we went to Lucy's room in the hotel, where we talked long of days past.

We learned from Avice that May Moore was teaching in a country school near her home, and that Stella Reynolds was also making her success as a teacher.

We learned, too, that Zaidee Smith, who had served worthily as one of the editors of *The Guidon*, was now filling the editorial chair of a well-known magazine.

When, all too soon, the time came for us to separate, Avice, as always, musically inclined, suggested that we sing one of our class songs, but since we were so few in number we contented ourselves with a toast to Alma Mater, and to the *Class of January, 1905*.

SALLIE GUY DAVIS.

Class of June, '05

MOTTO: *The Future I may face,
Now I have proved the Past.*

COLORS: *Colonial blue and buff.*

FLOWER: *Old-fashioned pink.*

Honorary member MISS COULLING.

Officers

<i>President</i>	EDITH LEIGH DICKEY.
<i>Vice-President</i>	EDITH BRENT DUVAL.
<i>Secretary</i>	CLAIR WOODRUFF.
<i>Treasurer</i>	PATTIE LOVE JONES.



MARTHA WILLIS COULLING

Toast to the S. N. S.

TUNE: "Heidelberg."

*Better than riches and worldly wealth
Are diplomas from Alma Mater,
Beaming with happiness, hope and health,
We meet with our friends once more,
But sweeter than hopes of all future joys
Is the fact that we've graduated;
So come, one and all, before we part
We'll toast now the S. N. S.*

CHORUS.

*Here's to those days of joy and mirth!
Here's to the tasks now done!
Here's to our teachers, the best on earth,
Here's to them, every one!
Here's to our friends, the best alive,
True as the stars above!
Here's to the class of naughty-five!
Here's to the school we love!*

JANIE CRUTE.

Senior B Class of June, '05



MAUD ANDERSON



LUCY BROOKS



SUSIE CHILTON

MAUD MARSHALL ANDERSON Farmville, Va.

"Strength and dignity are her clothing."

Valedictorian of Class, June, '05.

Argus Literary Society.

LUCY MORTON BROOKS, K. J. Culpeper, Va.

"All will spy in thy face,
A blushing, womanly, discovering grace."

President of Y. W. C. A.

Writer of Will for Class, June, '05.

Argus Literary Society.

SUSIE KATHERINE CHILTON Lancaster, Va.

"Knowledge is power."

Assistant Editor-in-Chief of "THE VIRGINIAN."

Cunningham Literary Society.



LENNIE CLEMMER



MARY DAY



EDITH DICKEY

LENNIE MAY CLEMMER

Murat, Va.

"Of softest manner, unaffected mind;
 Lover of peace and friend of human kind."

MARY FRENCH DAY

Norfolk, Va.

"With that divinest charity,
 That thinks no evil."

EDITH LEIGH DICKEY

Covington, Va.

"A heart at leisure from itself,
 To soothe and sympathize."

Assistant Business Manager of "THE VIRGINIAN."
 Chairman of Y. W. C. A. Building Fund Committee.
 President of Class, June, '05.
 Literary Editor of "*The Guidon*."
 Vice-President of Cunningham Literary Society.



ANNA DIEHL



EDITH DUVALL



FLORENCE EDWARDS

ANNA LOIS DIEHL Burgess, Va.

"Good all the time and under every circumstance."

EDITH BRENT DUVALL, Z. T. A Farmville, Va.

"A noble type of good heroic womanhood."

Editor-in-Chief of "THE VIRGINIAN."
Vice-President of Class, June, '05.
President of Argus Literary Society.

FLORENCE CASSANDRA EDWARDS Arvon, Va.

"Your steady study preserves your frame
In good and evil times the same."



MARY EWELL



MAMIE FLETCHER



ETHEL GOULDING

MARY ISH EWELL Ruckersville, Va.

"'Tis good to be merry and wise,
'Tis good to be honest and true."

MAMIE EDNA FLETCHER Fletcher, Va.

"True wit is everlasting, like the sun,
And is by all admired."

Literary Editor of "THE VIRGINIAN."
Joke Editor of "*The Guidon*."
Cunningham Literary Society.

ETHEL FITZHUGH GOULDING Moss Neck, Va.

"The blessing of her quiet life
Fell on us like the dew!"



NELLIE HEATH



MARY HOMES



GRACE HURST

NELLIE GRAY HEATH

Naruna, Va.

"Perseverance keeps honor bright."

MARY VIRGINIA HOMES

Boydton, Va.

"A glad, sunny woman."

Club Editor of "THE VIRGINIAN."
Argus Literary Society.

GRACE HURST

Kilmarnock, Va.

"A modest blush she wears, not framed by art;
Free from deceit her face, and full as free her heart."

Cunningham Literary Society.



OLIVE HINMAN



WILLIE HODGES



MYRA HOWARD

OLIVE MAY HINMAN, Z. T. A.

"Good humor only teaches charms to last,
Still makes new conquests and maintains the past."

Editor-in-Chief from Cunningham Literary
Society of "*The Guidon*."
President of Cunningham Literary Society.

WILLIE KATE HODGES Lening, Va.

"Above the common flight of common souls."

MYRA HOWARD Rine, Va.

"Bright as the sun her eyes the gazers strike;
And like the sun they shine on all alike."

Cunningham Literary Society.



PATTIE LOVE JONES



HATTIE KELLEY



ELLEN LEE

PATTIE LOVE JONES

Boydton, Va.

"But then her face,
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
The overflowings of an innocent heart."

Treasurer of Class, June, '05.
Cunningham Literary Society.

HATTIE J. V. KELLEY, A. S. A.

Yorktown, Va.

"A maid she was of artless grace,
Gentle in form and fair of face."

ELLEN MOORE LEE, S. S. S.

Gloucester, Va.

"Quality makes quantity."

Cunningham Literary Society.



CARLOTTA LEWIS



M. ELIZABETH LUTTRELL



BETSY LEMON

CARLOTTA LEWIS Arch Mills, Va.

"An outdoor girl whose beauty needs
No faintest touch of art."

Argus Literary Society.

MILDRED ELIZABETH LUTTRELL Hopeside, Va.

"Not wearied, though the work be wearisome."

BETSY LEMON Callaway, Va.

"She doeth little kindnesses,
Which most leave undone or despise."

Argus Literary Society.



SUE MUSE



LUCY MANSON



MAUD NEWCOMB

SUE MUSE

Bristol, Va.

"Goodness is beauty in its best estate."

Vice-President of Y. W. C. A.

Vice-President of Cunningham Literary Society.

LUCY HAWES MANSON

Pleasant Shade, Va.

"Oh! bless'd with temper whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day."

Editor-in-Chief from Argus Literary Society for "*The Guidon*."

Prophet of Class, June, '05.

President of Argus Literary Society.

MAUD NEWCOMB

Burgess, Va.

"Maiden, with the meek brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies,
Like the dusk in evening skies."



FANNIE PIERCE



MARGARET PALMER



ALICE PAULETT

FANNIE MAY PIERCE

Berkley, Va.

"Infinite riches in a little room."

MARGARET MEREDITH PALMER

Kilmarnock, Va.

"She never found fault with you, never implied
Your wrong by her right."

ALICE EDMUNDS PAULETT

Farmville, Va.

But in her cheek's rich tinge and in the dark
Of darkest hair and eyes, she bore a mark
Of kinship to her generous mother earth,
The fervid land that gives the plummy palm trees birth.

Picture Editor of "THE VIRGINIAN."
Salutatorian of Class, June, '05.
Vice-President of Argus Literary Society.



ELIZABETH RICHARDSON



ROY ROGERS



MARGARET STEPHENS

HARRIET ELIZABETH RICHARDSON, *Y. N. Y.*

Farmville, Va.

"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low—an excellent thing in woman."

Historian of Class, June, '05.
Cunningham Literary Society.

ROY ROGERS

"She has a pensive beauty, yet not sad;
Rather like minor cadences that glad
The heart of little birds amid spring boughs."

Cunningham Literary Society.

MARGARET LYNN STEPHENS, *A. N. A.*

Cambria, Va.

"Beauty when unadorned, adorned the most."

Poet of Class, June '05.



MAY SMITH



ELIZABETH TINSLEY



CALVA WATSON

ADA MAY SMITH Lady's Mills, Va.

"Though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind."

Cunningham Literary Society.

ELIZABETH GARLAND TINSLEY Crooked Run, Va.

"Sink or swim; live or die; survive or perish;
I give my heart and hand to this"--Annual.

Business Manager of "THE VIRGINIAN."

CALVA HAMLET WATSON, A. S. A Jennings, Va.

"If she smiles, the house is bright
Without any candle-light."

Joke Editor of "THE VIRGINIAN."
Cunningham Literary Society.



FRANCES WOLFE



ELIZABETH WADE



EPSIE WALTHALL

FRANCES WOLFE Berryville, Va.

"A sturdy will that shall not fear
To take the rightful part."

Cunningham Literary Society.

ELIZABETH HAMPTON WADE Farnville, Va.

"Of all those arts in which the wise excell,
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."

Argus Literary Society.

EPSIE WALTHALL Hampden Sidney, Va.

"She hath a natural wise sincerity, and simple truthfulness."



GRACE WILSON



EDITH WHITLEY



CLAIR WOODRUFF

GRACE WILSON, A. Y. A.

Brownsburg, Va.

"You say an undisputed thing in such a solemn way."

MARY EDITH WHITLEY

Indika, Va.

"Thy words had such a melting flow,
And spake of truth so sweetly well,
They dropped like heaven's serenest snow,
And all was brightness where they fell."

HESSIE ST. CLAIR WOODRUFF, Z. T. A.

Anniston, Ala.

"She's not a goddess, an angel, a lily or a pearl;
She's just that which is sweetest, completest and neatest—
A'dear little, queer little, sweet little girl!"

Art Editor of "THE VIRGINIAN."
Secretary of Class, June, '05.
Cunningham Literary Society.

History of the Class of June, '05

SEPTEMBER 10, 1901.



IT DID NOT rain this morning, as I feared. The sun shone with a soft radiance; from the last flowers of summer rose a faint, sweet incense, and butterflies floated idly in the perfumed air. We were conscious of it all, as though it were some far off golden land, and we were exiles who had tarried there long, long ago. We were entering a new life.

Through the center aisle, in a wavering procession, we were led to the extreme rear of the Assembly Hall. All around us there were happy voices, laughter, and the bright faces of friends who met after the summer's separation. It is natural that we alone were unhappy, that we saw the world through a curtain of tears; we are the babies, the First A's, and to-day, the tenth of September, 1901, we started on our pilgrimage to the shrine of knowledge.

JANUARY 27, 1902.

How swiftly the last four months have passed. On January twenty-third we received our first tickets, and through faithful work have entered the First B class. We are proud of our new position: our school life has really and truly begun, and our dreams are already colored with visions of honor and glory.

SEPTEMBER 9, 1904.

September again! Twice before it has come and gone, bringing us back each year to labor toward our goal. To-day it has brought us together to face our last year of school life.

How strange to think that we were ever First A's, we, the Senior A's! It was as Second B's that some of our members first won distinction and held places of honor in the school, making the faculty at last realize our existence. Our Junior year held for us more work, more pleasure, and more honor; and when we parted last June each of us looked forward to the time when we should meet as seniors.

JANUARY 27, 1905.

Such a glad, sad day this has been. Our Senior A work is finished, and we have received our tickets. In the last half year there has been more of

sunshine than of shadow. What fun we had observing in the Training School! How we enjoyed the methods classes! We are glad, yet sorry, to leave the old work for the new.

FEBRUARY 6, 1905.

This morning we found this notice pinned up: "There will be an important meeting of the Senior B Class in the Eighth Grade room at five o'clock this afternoon." Promptly at the appointed hour we gathered. Shall we ever forget this first class meeting? Our names were taken; we are forty-two in all.

We elected for our president, the highest place of honor in the class, Edith Dickey, whom we respect and love. In her ability and goodness we have perfect confidence and know that she will guide us wisely.

Four days we have taught in the Training School, and four days of misery they have been to some of us. The sunshine is not all gone, though, for our disappointments and failures have brought us closer to each other, and have taught us to know and love each other as never before. We have seen each other in a new light.

Was there ever such a true example of maidenly gentleness and modesty as Roy Rogers?

Into May Smith's eyes we have looked. They are windows of a soul so pure, so true, that there is no offering worthy of it save love.

When our two fair-haired girls, Maud Newcomb and Anna Diehl, entered school they became fast friends, and side by side they are climbing the ladder, loving and helping each other.

Sue Muse and Lucy Brooke, two of our brightest lights, are girls of strong character and fine intellect. They leave behind splendid records as students.

Our literary genius, Mamie Fletcher, rivals Thomas Nelson Page in her stories of the old South. It was one of hers that held the place of honor in the first number of "*The Guidon*."

Lucy Manson, whom we chose this afternoon for our class prophet, has literary powers of a different kind. She writes hundreds of letters, and we cannot tell which she loves more, simply the writing of these letters, or those to whom they are addressed.

FEBRUARY 27, 1905.

February is almost over. Nearly a fourth of the term is already gone. To-night we held our first Seminar. Bessie Tinsley, the business manager of the Annual, was chairman for the evening. She has begun her work on "*THE VIRGINIAN*," and her energy and ambition for it know no bounds.

We are getting used to the Training School, and are learning to love our work. Florence Edwards isn't even frightened by observers now. Why, she extended to all of us a most cordial invitation to come to see her teach the third grade children music.

Bessie Wade so firmly believes, "What one can do, all can do," and has developed such a vertical swing, that the children's and the supervisors' eyes and mouths open in round wonder at the round o's she makes.

Each Senior will always remember Pattie Love Jones' and Myra Howard's sweet smiles, and their forget-me-not-blue ribbons that so exactly match the blue of their eyes.

Between Elizabeth Luttrell and Margaret Palmer there is true friendship. No longer need we refer to Ruth and Naomi to prove that love of woman for woman is strong and lasting.

No wonder Betsy Lemon fears losing her heart when out in the great wide world, for while here she loses everything possible. This morning, when the Board of Trustees walked in to observe her teach, she even came near losing her head, so she says.

Willie Hodges' knowledge of birds and butterflies, frogs and flowers, is so great that the children think she must have lived in that beautiful land of the Fied Piper, beyond the hills.

Our strong-minded girl, Grace Hurst, is a believer in woman's rights, and a splendid debater. She does not hesitate to tell you that she believes that society should sanction the proposal of marriage by women.

APRIL 3, 1905.

April has come at last. How we have dreaded yet hoped for it! It is the middle of the term, and we have changed our work to another grade. All of us hate to leave the little people that we have taught and loved for two months.

Has Edith Whitley a four-leaf clover, and a wish-bone and a rabbit foot, that she should have such good luck? For what but luck, and her learning and her winsome ways, could have given her back the grade she loves best, when the work was changed?

Ellen Lee and Lennie Clemmer are attempting, through hypnotism, to convert the first and second grade tots into Raphaels and Michel Angelos. From their rows and rows of good drawings hung up for inspection, we judge that they are succeeding.

Our Demosthenes and Cicero, Mary Virginia Holmes and Frances Wolfe, have won for themselves fame from their learned orations on the two important topics of our time: Resolved, that the seniors go hatless to the baccalaureate sermon; and, Resolved that women should vote.

Susie Chilton has such an atmosphere of wisdom about her that even the children feel it. One of the little ones said to-day, "I know that Miss Chilton can teach, even geography, she's so intellectual looking."

What should we do without our artist, Olive Hinman? The Y. W. C. A. Poster Club, the Cunningham Literary Society, the Annual, the Training School—we tremble for them all when she is gone.

Clair Woodruff, another of our artists, is a favorite of the children. From the blooming of the first little wild flower to the time of June roses, "Miss Clair," as she is called, has bouquets showered on her. But they are not all from the children. Where do the violets come from?

Under Calva Watson's baby curls there is a world of daring. Next Monday there will be an excursion to Appomattox, and all of our purses are empty; so to-day Calva went her smiling way, and asked of each teacher and pupil a penny for charity's sake. She collected a whole dollar.

To some lonely widower with many little ones to care for, we wish to recommend Epsie Walthall as a perfect housekeeper and a splendid manager of children.

Our most enthusiastic upholder and lover of the Training School is Nellie Heath. She is teaching much more than is required of her just because she wishes to do so.

Fannie May Pierce—what a good primary teacher she is! She concentrates all her love and attention on the second grade; we dare not even whisper in her presence that the first grade is more enjoyable than the second.

To know Grace Wilson is to love her for her many attractive qualities. Her ambition and enthusiasm led her to come back to school after having taught for a term.

If any one wishes to hear how the school girls spent their Christmas, let him ask Marie Day. She knows how many oranges there were under the radiator, and may be she knows, too, how they got there.

Two or three days ago Mary Ewell brought down a little doll, and told us that it was the first one she had ever dressed. It is to go to Africa in the missionary box, and we very much fear that it will lead those innocent natives into idolatry. It is easy to worship such dainty workmanship.

Ethel Goulding is afraid of ghosts. We don't blame her, though, for one night, when the whole school was still, her door noiselessly opened and in came two horrible creatures. Not a word they spoke, yet their countenances were terrible enough to leave a fear of goblins in her heart for life.

We are justly proud of our two talented musicians, Alice Paulett and Maud Anderson. They are such excellent teachers that we are sorry they have decided not to enter our noble profession. Alice has already told us that she will not teach, and from what we hear of Maud, we think she will grace other than a school room.

Margaret Stephens, our poet, has so soft a voice, such attractive ways, and such a fair face that all of us love her. We were secretly, wickedly glad, though, when one day she went down by the river, where the bloodroots grow, to commune with nature, and came home with poison-oak on her face. For one short week we were as pretty as Margaret.

There is no more conscientious girl in our class than Hattie Kelley. She has never once been down town without asking permission; she has one weakness, though, if such it may be called: she is one of the best dancers in school.

We chose for the Editor-in-Chief of our Annual, Edith Duvall. Each day we rejoice that she is our classmate. Where she has passed the sun shines brighter, the flowers lift up their heads, and everything is happier for her coming.

JUNE 2, 1905.

May has passed. June is with us. We reach at last our graduation, the goal of school life, only to see ahead a nobler goal, toward which we must still press forward. True to our Alma Mater and her teachings, we go forth to fulfill our mission, that of "leading human souls to what is best."

The pinks are in bloom! Our sweet, old-fashioned class flower reminds us that our school days are over, that we have come to the parting of the ways, that to-morrow's page is pure and white and spotless. In the great wide future that stretches before us may each strive to be a bright star in the firmament of knowledge, a sweet flower in the garden of love.

ELIZABETH RICHARDSON.



Farewell!



AIR: *Juanita.*

*Now o'er our school-days
Gently falls the curtain low;
And we must leave you,
In the world to go;
But with strongest efforts,
We will try our best to prove
Worthy daughters, ever,
Of the school we love.*

CHORUS.

*Schoolmates, friends and teachers,
Dear old school we love so well,
Now that we must leave you,
Here's a fond farewell.
Farewell, may you prosper;
May you e'er be good and true.
Farewell, ah farewell!
Here's farewell to you.*

*Long well remembered
Be the days that we've spent here,—
Glad days and sad ones,
In our school so dear.
When we're far, far distant,
Still our hearts will e'er be true
To our Alma Mater,
And our white and blue.*

ALICE PAULETT.



Fortunes of the Class of June, 1905



AW bless my ole worn-out, brack soul! What in de worl' is my honey a-cryin' 'bout? Hole up yo' haid, chile. Ef yo' eyes ain' as red as goose-feet! What would Mistis say ef she could see you a-settin' heah worryin' yo' life out? I knows 'tis some o' dat school bizness, an' ef An' Mandy had her way 'bout it, de ole school an' all o' its belongin's would be flung in de bottommost depths of de Mississippi Oshun. I wish Marse Torm had neber lef' his purty home in de country an' come heah tur gib you an eddycation, dat I do! You knowed enough widout all ob us a-movin' up heah, kit an' kittle, bag an' baggage! An' all fer you to be worryin' yo' sweet life out. Chile, yo' han' is cold as ice! Tell Mandy 'bout it."

"Oh, Aunt Mandy, I must write a class prophecy

"A whut, honey chile?"

"A class prophecy. I'm prophet, you know—I must tell what is going to happen to all my classmates, but not one word have I written! It's no use trying, I just can't, can't, cant——"

"Ump! Lemme see, doan you worry yo' purty se'f no mo'; you ain' no prophet lak David and Goliath, noway. But yo' ole Mammy is a right good forchun-teller. She knows dem gals, too, she pintedly does, much as dey is all de time a-runnin' in heah. I b'lieve I ken tell jes whut gwine come ter ev'y las' one ob' em."

She sits down on a stool at the girl's feet and rocks herself backward and forward.

"Naow, ef I ken only show you de pikchers whut comes inter my mine, den you ken write it out jes lak you want it. Lemme me shet my eyes a minnit—

"Dar! I see dat light-haired Miss Shewdie Homes. Any one ken look at dat tragicum walk o' hers an' tell she gwine be de light o' some circus crowd."

"Oh, Aunt Mandy, you are my angel of inspiration! That's good; go on! Mary Homes will certainly be the star of some great theatrical company."

"But, honey, doan you talk ter An' Mandy! My mine woan wuk so well ef you do; you jes lissen an' see ef you kyarn see whut I sees, an' write it down lak you wuz my stergographer. But, chile, you'll haf ter write monstrous fas', 'cause my mine, when it starts, wuks magnanimously swif'. Hurry up, 'cause right now I sees dat Miss Lucy Brooke. After I done heared some o' dem mystic lak letters she writ, I ken tell she gwine write books, dese heah serious an' solum kine whut makes folks cry when dey read 'em.

"De nex one I see is dat purty Miss Pattie Love Jones—umph! don't I knows ain' no man gwine let her teach school? Not while dem roses shine so obstreperously bright in her cheeks, an' her eyes sparkle lak di'mons. I ken see her marrit right now, an' ter some terrible rich fellah, too, mine you.

"Yas, ma'am, now I sees Miss Ellen Lee. You could a-tole by de way she tied up dat so' finger o' mine dat she wuz made fer to heal folkses' symptoms whut wuz ailin'. She gwine be as good er doctor as Dr. Peter 'fo' long! You jes wait an' see.

Well, 'pon my word an' honor, dars Miss Lennie Clemmer. She allus look so pertikler-lak tur me. Eve'y pin look lak it knowed its place, an' stayed dar, too, fur her. She will be some mistis companion, an' ef 'you'll heah me, she'll allus have a place for ev'ything, an keep ev'ything in its place.

"Hurry up, 'cause heah comes one I laks, dat Miss Carlotta Lewis; she allus has a kine word for ev'ybody, an' has sech a big heart she kyarn neber refuse a nigger a white apun or piece o' ribbin. She gwine be de boss o' some cha'ity school.

"Now, look a-dar! I doan know nuttin mo' natral than ter see Miss Mary Day, Miss Willie Hodges an' Miss Florence Edwards a-studyin' away at some other school, after dey done mos' wo' deserves out ter a frazzlin' heah. Dey had ter go tur some Yankee College, too, stid o' bein' satisfied wid whut larnin' dey already got.

"Eggzactly whut we'd 'spect! Miss Frances Wolfe gwine be a la' yer,—anybody wid sech a glib tongue as you'all say she has in de literary 'socashun ain' gwine be nuttin else. She'll rake in money off ev'ybody, white trash an' po' niggers as well.

"Yas, honey, hurry up an' write, 'cause dese pikchers is ebermore an' a-comin' fas'. Right now I see dat black-eyed Miss Alice Paulett an' Miss Maude Anderson, too. Dey got voices sweeter dan de martingale, an' will be singin' at more'n one big sworry fur de President of the United States 'fo' many years roll ober dis ole kinky haid.

"Now comes de bes' one ob all, Miss Sue Muse. She so good, it make you feel weak-lak to eben look at her. She's gwine away 'crost de oshen an' be a missionary. You ken res' certain she will allus be doin' good ter some po' soul. She'll be rulin' dat little Jappan, now, I reckon, 'fo' Rooshay will stan' enny show at all.

"Cose I'se boun' fer ter see Miss Betsey Lemon an' Miss Edith Whitley together. Ain' never seen 'em 'less dey had dey arms roun' one nurr. Dey gwine lib tergether. Miss Betsey, she wil ten' ter de housewuk—she ebermore en' knows how ter clean up! I done seed her room at de Normal School. Miss Edith will puzzle her brain a-writin' dem lessing plans, or whateber dey is, I hears you talkin' 'bout so much, for some teacher-paper.

"Law, Miss Bessie Wade! I knows some rich millyounairy gwine lef' her

his forchun, jes 'cause she's allus havin' some'n lucky happen to her. I ain' seen her when her mouf warn spread right wide open laffin' 'bout some'n nurr.

"Look a-dar at you-all's President, Miss Edith Dickey. Sho'ly, ef she is smart as ev'ybody thinks she is, she will come back an' teach in dat sixth grade she's allus 'sputin' about. Pity Watkins an' Emerson will be done lef'!

"You'd better write a-flyin', for I sees a whole string o' school teachers a-comin'; dar's Miss Margaret Palmer, Miss Mary Ewell, Miss Ethel Goulding, Miss Susie Chilton, Miss Maud Newcomb, Miss Lizabeth Luttrell, an' Miss Anna Diehl—dey are gwine be de ve'y bes' school-marms in de State o' Virginny 'fo' you ken turn 'roun'. Mine you, tho, I ain' say how long dey gwine teach—ha!

"Uh—huh! jes look a-heah! Ef Miss Edith Duvall and Miss Lizzabeth Richardson ain' de purtiest li'l gals I eber saw! You all oder be proud un 'em. An dey gwine be de greates' belles ob deir time, sho' ez my name is Mandy Brown!

"Yonder is de one I neber see, 'less she ain' talkin' 'bout money, an' 'de 'Annyal,' or de some'n nurr. Ise glad to see she is cashier ob de bank at her home, 'cause she jes loves to eben count money. Dat's Miss Bessie Tinsley, ter de life!

"You ken look at de pikchers Miss Olive Hinman and Miss Clair Woodruff painted for Mistis' birthday, an tell dey are gwine be de fines' artists in de worl', let 'lone dis country.

"Ay-yay! Heah comes Miss Nellie Heath. Ev'y times he come heah ter supper she wants ter po' de coffee or de tea, an' 'twoan be long, fom dem signs, 'fo' she'll be 'vitin' folks to take supper at her own table, an' 'tis my 'pinion she'll have de bes' things ter eat you eber stuck yo' tooth in, judgin' from dat cake she made up heah on day.

"Miss Margaret Stephens? Wa'al, she near 'bout talks in poetry now, an' time a few mo' years go by she'll be writin' books full o' it what will put Marse Longfellow ter shame.

"Miss Myra Howard done already beat ev'ybody out o' de shoes makin' baskets, an' she is gwine come back an' he'p Miss Vennie wid dat manyal-train-'em-ups whut dey jes started.

"Heah is one whut neber laks to smile. She doan bother nobody, 'cepin' dey bother her fus', an' Miss Epsie Walthall will sho be one o' dese here nuns, a Sister o' Cha'ity.

"'Member dat time Mistis wuz sick an' Miss Roy Rogers an' Miss Grace Wilson come ter rub her haid an' read ter her? Dey are jes natral-born trained nusses; no use eben talkin' 'bout dem enny mo'.

"Well, I knows Miss Hattie Kelly and Miss Calvy Watson is happy ez birds out ob a cage, 'cause dey've finished school an' ken dance much az dey want. Dey're gwine open a dancin' hall an' teach folks to tip de light fantasm toe! Umph! mos' make me cut de pidgin' wing jes thinkin' 'bout it.

"Now, I sees Miss Fannie Pierce, so quiet-lak in a little rockin' cheer. She ain' gwine do nuthin' 'cep' stay at home an' do fancy work. She ain' neber happy 'less she sewin' an' tain' nobody ken beat her, judgin' from dat shirt-wais' she gib me las' week. Ev'y stitch look lak she thought twicet 'fo' she sewed oncet.

"Dars' Miss Mamie Fletcher wid a pencil hine her year. She gwine be de editor o' some big maggyzine, or urr paper contrapshum.

"Wait now! Lemme shet my eyes right tight an' see who dat is---. Uh-huh! now I see Miss May Smith an' Miss Grace Hurst teachin' away in some kindergyarden or nurr. Dey are neber so happy ez when dey is playin' wid chillun, stid o' teachin' 'em some book sense.

"Now, honey. An' Mandy wish twuz forty mo' to tell 'bout, 'cause she feels so good when her mine spontains so freely. But dat's all, I reckon, so I gwine run erlong 'bout my bizness. I bet Mistis' thinks Ise los', now. "

She rises laboriously and shakes her finger at the busy girl.

"Now doan you lemme see you spilin' yo' eyes a-cryin' 'bout enny mo' school-doin's. Ef you doan keep yo' eyes bright, dat young fellah whut's a-waitin' for you will feel lak sayin', 'Ver done los' yer pretty looks! Go long an' lemme 'lone!'"

LUCY HAWES MANSON.





Class Poem

*At last the door is open wide and we with happy eyes,
Are standing on its threshold, gazing at the smiling skies.
How earnestly into the future do we gaze,
With all its promises of happy days,
Yet —still we pause, for other things we see;
Not everything is joy and happiness so free,
Not always will the fates so favor our desire,
For "our only greatness is that we aspire."*

*Our eyes are on the future, this our graduation day,
But let us turn them once again on years now passed away
And take a farewell look at scenes so dear to all,
At all the many lessons learned within these walls,—
At teachers, who our friends so true have been,
Whose help is with us in the fight we hope to win,
And classmates dear, how in our throbbing hearts we grieve
To think that now at last we say good-bye and leave.*

*But we must go, must leave thee, kind protecting walls, behind,
And look into the future other work and friends to find,
But with us goes the thought of duties we have done,
Of battles fought, of victories we have won;
But let us not upon these laurels rest,
But ever strive in life for only what is best,
Then let us have no thought that will not us inspire,
As "our only greatness is that we aspire."*

*The world is now before our eyes, the future we must face,
So let us now get ready for the winning of the race,
And may the past but be as beacon fires so bright
To help us on in ways of truth and right.
May we ne'er falter in our aim,
Although we ne'er may reach the realm of fame;
But may our hearts in this attempt to rise not tire,
For "our only greatness is that we aspire."*

*So let us say farewell, for we at last must part;
But let us go with hope and courage in each heart,
With hopes of higher honors for the future way
Than those that we have told you of to-day;
With courage to stand staunch in life's hot fight,
To do and die for honor and for right.
Farewell, then, teachers, friends, and classmates true,
May nothing ever change our love to you.*



The Last Will and Testament of the Senior B Class of Nineteen Hundred and Five



E, the class of June, 1905, of the State Normal School, in the town of Farmville, Prince Edward county, Commonwealth of Virginia, being about to depart from the bosom of our Alma Mater, and realizing the benefits we have received at her hands, do make this, our last will and testament, as an expression of our appreciation thereof.

ITEM I. To Miss Coulling, in token of the friendship we collectively and individually bear her, we bequeath our class pin and a copy of THE VIRGINIAN; to Miss Woodruff we dedicate THE VIRGINIAN as an expression of our gratitude for what she has been to us in our school-life and work.

ITEM II. To Miss Marie Louise Whiting we express our sincerest gratitude for her unremitting labor in behalf of the Argus and Cunningham literary societies, and for the new world of thought into which she has led us.

ITEM III. To Miss Reynolds we leave our earnest prayers for a Senior Geography Class which will come up to her expectations; to Miss Patteson, the ability to see beautiful geometrical figures in church windows; to Miss Freeborn, our thanks for having lightened the labors of the primary teachers by so well preparing the children to enter the training school; and to Miss Rice, all the brilliant ideas we have revealed in Latin—that is, of course, if they appeal to her.

ITEM IV. To Mr. Jarman, our esteemed President, we send a box of cigars and a carload of autograph replies to the bi-weekly notes that have issued from his office during the past session; to Miss Tabb, a revised version of "Black Beauty," with all red ink entries omitted.

ITEM V. We bequeath to Miss Andrews classes who practice her doctrine, "that goodness is better than gold, and character outweighs intellect;" to Miss Alleen Andrews, our best wishes for a happy life, free from the minor discords which usually accompany young ladies who change their names and move into flats; to Miss Kinzer, such love on the part of all future 1 A and 1 B classes as she has received from the past and present first-year girls; to Miss Hills, a Senior B Gymnasium Class for next year.

ITEM VI. To Dr. Sears we leave one week's report on "The War of Rebellion Records"—only 125 volumes of 1,000 pages each,—and a volume entitled "How to Learn to Swim;" to Miss Harrison, the 1 A United States History Class of 1904; to Miss Winston our deepest regrets that we have had so little opportunity of knowing her.

ITEM VII. To Miss London we leave a life-size portrait of Alice, so that, "though lost to sight," she may still be "to memory dear;" also a life-size portrait of Mary to Miss Lancaster, in order that Lois may not have any unfair advantage in Mary's absence.

ITEM VIII. We bequeath to Miss Haliburton, Miss Dunn, and Miss Snow all the tadpoles, fish, bagworms, cocoons, and other Nature Study necessities to be found in surrounding ponds and woods, the same to be procured and delivered alive by the Nature Study Club; to Miss Vennie Cox, a ton of raffia, willow, and needles.

ITEM IX. To Dr. Winston we leave a list of names of all the girls, with their respective counties, in order that no mistake may be made in prescribing the right shade of pills; to Miss Meyer, in gratitude for tender ministrations, we bequeath an empty infirmary and a week's sweet, undisturbed sleep.

ITEM X. We bequeath to Mrs. Newby the entire supervision of an obedient set of girls on one of the halls of the new building; to Mrs. Thackston and Miss Allen, our thanks for the many kindnesses they have shown us.

ITEM XI. We direct that a new derby be purchased for Dr. Jones to replace the one destroyed by the school pets; also that copies of all papers and reports prepared for the Seminar during the past term be preserved in the archives of the Department of Education as interesting specimens of erring humanity. We hereby provide for Mr. Mattoon the most valued gift enumerated in this will, the correct answer to his puzzling question, "How come?"

ITEM XII. Upon Mrs. Cochran, because of our affection for her, we do hereby bestow a house full of girls who appreciate her as much as we do; and we lovingly bequeath Mrs. Jameson and Miss Mary White to each other.

ITEM XIII. We magnanimously bequeath to the future Senior B's the originality for which we have so hopelessly striven; to the children of Virginia we bequeath, as faithful teachers, all members of this class who are not otherwise engaged. To the flames we consign our criticism books, since their contents are burnt upon our hearts.

ITEM XIV. We direct that all our just debts be settled for us by Mr. B. M. Cox, and that the residue of our estate be used in constructing a Hall for the Literary Societies.

We hereby constitute Lucy Morton Brooke executor of this, our last will and testament, in witness whereof we have set hereunto our hand and seal, this fifth day of June, in the year nineteen hundred and five.

[SEAL] CLASS OF 1905 OF THE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

Witnesses:

CARLOTTA LEWIS,
SUE MITCHELL MUSE,
ADA MAY SMITH.

June

*Oh, month of roses, season sweetly rare,
Than all thy sisters more divinely fair,
In vain endeavor might an artist strive
To chain thy beauties, like some creature 'live;
He might personify thee, woodland sprite,
A maiden not emerged from girlhood quite,
With hair of golden yellow like the grain,
And cheeks where blushes, lingering, have lain,
With rosebud lips and laughing, melting eyes,
The brightest blue of clearest summer skies,
With merry smile like softest sunshine bright,
Bewitching and entrancing with delight;
And then about the picture lightly twine
A frame of fragrant honeysuckle vine.
And crown the whole, all wreathed in rich perfume,
With qucenly roses bursting into bloom.*



Senior A Class

MOTTO: *Nec scire fas et omnia.*

FLOWER: *Violet.*

COLORS: *Purple and White.*

OFFICERS.

<i>President</i>	FLORENCE INGRAM.
<i>Vice-President</i>	LILLIAN THOMPSON.
<i>Secretary</i>	HATTIE KING BUGG
<i>Treasurer</i>	EMMA WARING.

CLASS ROLL

MERLE ABBITT,	FLORENCE INGRAM,
LOUISE ADAMS,	ANNA JOLLIFFE,
HATTIE KING BUGG,	BESSIE JUSTIS,
STEPTOE CAMPBELL,	ROCHET MCKINNEY,
NELLIE CARNEAL,	ANNIE PIERCE,
HELEN CHILDREY,	KATHLEEN PRICE,
ANNA CLAY,	MARY V. PRICE,
FENNELL CRAWLEY,	ESTELLE PRICE,
HENRIETTA CAMPBELL DUNLAP,	ELIZABETH REDD,
MARGARET FARISH,	CLARA SANDERLIN,
MARY SHERMAN FORD,	PRICE STARLING,
SUSIE FORD,	GEORGIANA STEPHENSON,
LOUISE PEYTON HARRISON,	LILLIAN THOMPSON,
MARGARET HENDERSON,	PEARL VAUGHAN,
LUCY HINER,	GRACE WALTON,
NELL INGRAM,	EMMA WARING,

MAMIE WOODSON.



SENIOR A CLASS

Junior Class

MOTTO: "*Semper fidelis.*"

FLOWER: *Pansy.*

COLORS: *Black and Gold.*

OFFICERS.

<i>President</i>	MARY PRESTON.
<i>Vice-President</i>	ELIZABETH CLARE VERSER.
<i>Secretary</i>	FRANCES MUNDEN
<i>Treasurer</i>	GERTRUDE BURTON.

CLASS ROLL.

IDA DUNDON AMES,	LIZZIE BELL KIZER,
NELLIE MAE BAKER,	FRANCES LEWELLING,
GERTRUDE BURTON,	VIRGIE CLARE McCUE,
MARGARET BRYDON,	FRANCES MUNDEN,
GERTIE INSKEEP BOWERS,	VIRGIE EMMA NUNN,
LETITIA JOHNSTON BLAKEY,	MARY PRESTON,
MARGARET GERTRUDE DAVIDSON,	PAULINE REYNOLDS,
EFFIE DUNN,	ANNIE LAURA REYNOLDS,
MARY ELIZABETH HOWARD,	VIRGINIA EMMELINE STUBBLEFIELD,
ALICE HARRIS,	RHEA SCOTT,
MYRTLE FERNE HOUP,	MARY THOMAS,
MARY HUMPHRIES,	ELIZABETH CLARE VERSER,
LILLIAN BERLIN JONES,	LINDA ESTELLE WARREN,
PAULINE BROOKS WILLIAMSON.	

JUNIOR CLASS





Third B Class

MOTTO: *Greater afflictions await us.*

FLOWER: *Jacqueminot rose.*

COLORS: *Dark Red and Gold.*

OFFICERS.

<i>President</i>	LELIA JACKSON.
<i>Vice-President</i>	CARRIE KYLE.
<i>Secretary</i>	BERNIE SMITH.
<i>Treasurer</i>	LUCY RICE.

CLASS ROLL.

FLORIDA ASHBY,
MARY COLEMAN,
ISA COMPTON,
BEVIE COX,
SALLIE COX,
CARRIE DUNGAN,
BESSIE FERGUSON,
SALLIE GOGGIN,
LELIA JACKSON,
SALLIE E. JONES,
CARRIE KYLE,

ZOULA LA BOYTEAUX,
ANNIE LANCASTER,
LOIS LEONARD,
BESSIE McCRAW,
MAUD MASON,
MARGARET PATTERSON,
LUCY RICE,
ANNE RICHARDSON,
DOROTHY ROGERS,
ELIZABETH STOKES,
DOROTHY STONE,

DEBERNIERE SMITH.



Third A Class

MOTTO: *Festina lence.*

FLOWER: *Daisy.*

COLORS: *Olive Green and Gold.*

OFFICERS.

President

Vice-President

Secretary

Treasurer

MARY SCHOFIELD.

BERYL MORRIS.

SIDNEY GUY.

LENA NOCK.

CLASS ROLL.

BELLE BROSIUS,
CARRIE LEE BULL,
DAISY CHAPMAN,
RUTH COBB,
MARTHA CUNNINGHAM,
ZULA CUTCHINS,
JANET DUVALL,
LILLIE EVERETT,
LOIS GILLESPIE,
SIDNEY GUY,
FRANK JONES,

ALMA McDOWELL,
JULIA MASSEY,
BERYL MORRIS,
NAN NICHOLSON,
LENA NOCK,
HATTIE PAULETT,
LEONORA RYLAND,
MARY MERCER SCHOFIELD,
MARGARET SHARP,
MARGARET TUCKER,
EMMA LOCKETT WALTON,

ELEANOR WIATT.

Second B Class

MOTTO: *Excelsior.*

FLOWER: *Golden rod.*

COLORS: *Red, white and blue.*

OFFICERS.

<i>President</i>	CARRIE MASON
<i>Vice-President</i>	ALMA WALKER.
<i>Secretary</i>	FLORA THOMPSON.
<i>Treasurer</i>	JULIA KENT.

CLASS ROLL.

ROBERTA ALLEN,	JULIETTE HUNDLEY.
MARY BAGBY,	ELEANOR JAMISON,
CAROLINE BAYLEY.	NELLIE JOHNSON,
GRACE BEALE,	UNA KELLEY,
LAVONIA BLANKENSHIP,	JULIA KENT,
VERNIE BLANKENSHIP,	ANNIE LIGON,
VIVIAN BOISSEAU,	ETHEL LIGON,
CLARA BURRUS,	GERTRUDE LIGON,
RUTH BUTTON,	LUCY LEE McCRAW,
MOLLIE BYERLEY,	JANET MAHON,
ELIZABETH CARTER,	REBECCA MANN,
ZELLA CHAPMAN,	CARRIE MASON,
FANNIE CHRISTIAN,	SALLIE MILLER,
LOUISE COX,	AGNES PALMER,
HATTIE CRUTE,	PAGE PIERCE,
BELLE DOBIE,	MILDRED PRICE,
CLARA DUNCAN,	SUSIE PRICE,
BELLE DUNTON,	MYRTIE REA,
MARTHA EDMUNDS,	BESSIE SAMPSON,
JULIA B. EVANS,	MARY SCHOOLS,
LOUISE FARINHOLT,	EVELYN SHIRK,
HELEN FITCHETT,	LUCY SINCLAIR.
NANNIE GILKESON,	JULIA SPAIN,
BELLE GILLIAM,	MARY SPENCER,
MARY T. GLASGOW,	MAGGIE TAYLOR,
MYRTLE GRENELS,	FLORA THOMPSON,
SUE HAMLETT,	ALMA WALKER,
KATHLEEN HANDLEY,	KATE WARRINER.
ELISE HOLLAND,	LOUISE WOOD,
EDNA HOUFF,	JENNIE ZEHMER.



SECOND B CLASS

Second A Class

MOTTO: *We paddle our own canoe.*

FLOWER: *White carnation.*

COLORS: *Blue and silver.*

OFFICERS.

<i>President</i>	MINNIE BLANTON.
<i>Vice-President</i>	LOIS WATKINS.
<i>Secretary</i>	MARGARET DAVIS.
<i>Treasurer</i>	VIVIAN MEANLEY.

CLASS ROLL.

MARY L. ADAMS,	JENNIE CRIGLER,
BESSIE ANDERSON,	ANNIE CUTLER,
BLANCHE ARMISTEAD,	RUTH DAUGHTRY,
JOSIE BAKER,	WIRT DAVIDSON,
ANNIE BARNETTE,	ELIZABETH DAVIS,
MIRIAM BECKETT,	ELLA DAVIS,
RUBY BERRY,	MARGARET DAVIS,
ALICE BLAKEMORE,	MILDRED DAVIS,
ANNIE B. BLAND,	ADA EINSTEIN,
MARTHA K. BLANTON,	ISABELLE FLOURNOY,
MILDRED E. BLANTON,	JULIA FORBES,
MATTIE BOWLES,	IDA FRETWELL,
JENNIE BRACEY,	MATTIE FRETWELL,
MAUD M. BRUCE,	ANNIE GARNETT,
HELEN BUCHANAN,	NORA GARRETT,
SELMA BUTLER,	GERALDINE GRAHAM,
ROSA CALDWELL,	VIRGINIA GRAY,
LUCRETIA CLARK,	LUCY GUTHRIE,
ANNIE CLAY,	HELEN HAIGHT,
GRACE CLEMENTS,	ANN ELIZA HARRIS,
JENNIE CLEVERIUS,	ISABELLE HARRISON,
ETHEL CONDREY,	MARY J. HOLMES,

SECOND A CLASS



BESSIE HOWARD,
MATTIE HUBBARD,
WILLIE HURD,
MARIAN JONES,
HELEN JORDAN,
KATIE KNOTT,
SALLIE LEE,
ANNIE LINDSAY,
CARY McCRAW,
FANNIE MARSTON,
VIRGINIA MARSTON,
DUNDEE MARTIN,
MOLLIE MAUZY,
VIVIAN MEANLEY,
FANNIE MEARS,
IGERNA MEARS,
EVA MILLER,
FANNIE MOORE,
MINNIE MOORE,
BLANCHE NIDERMAIER,
JESSIE NIDERMAIER,
BESSIE NOEL,
ADDIE OGBURN,
LELIA OTT,
ANNE PAGE,
WINNIE PARSONS,
SALLIE PAYNE,

KATHERINE PENNYBACKER,
KATE PERRY,
BLANCHE PIGGOTT,
CORA QUILLEN,
BEATRICE RAINEY,
MAYO REAMES,
SALLIE RICE,
LUCY ROBINS,
EDITH ROGERS,
MARGARET SCHENCK,
LOTTIE SEAT,
LUCIE SHELTON,
MABEL SHUMAN,
BESSIE SIBLEY,
HELEN STEED,
SUSAN STONE,
LULA SUTHERLIN,
MARIA ELIZABETH TAYLOR,
SADIE TAYLOR,
GRAHAM TRENT,
ANNIE URQUHART,
MABEL VAUGHAN,
LOIS WATKINS,
MARY V. WATKINS,
LUCY WATTS,
MARGARET WIATT,
MOODIE WILLIAMS.

First B Class

MOTTO: *Truth conquers all things.*

COLORS. *Light blue and gold.*

FLOWER: *Forget-me-not.*

OFFICERS.

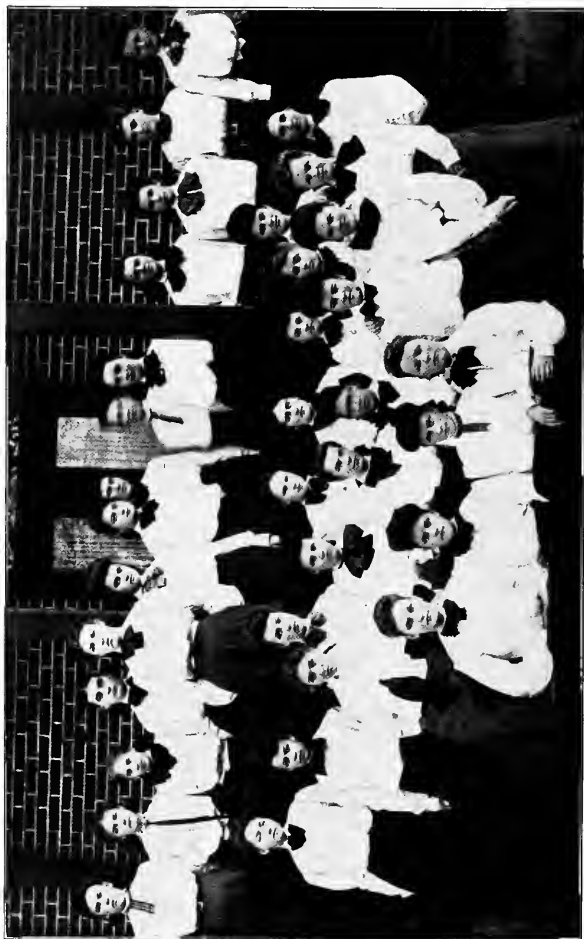
<i>President</i>	GRACE MALLORY.
<i>Vice-President</i>	MARY PIERCE.
<i>Secretary</i>	HATTIE R. COX.
<i>Treasurer</i>	MARY DUPUY.



CLASS ROLL.

FRANK ARNOLD,
 IRENE E. BAIRD,
 MINNIE BAIRD,
 FLORRIE BATTEN,
 LIZZIE BATTEN,
 CAMILLA BEDINGER,
 CLARICE BERSCH,
 ANNIE BIDGOOD,
 MATILDA BLAKE,
 LILLIAN BLAND,
 EMMA BLANTON,
 MARTHA V. BLANTON,
 CARRIE BLISS,
 NANNIE BOYD,
 EUGENIA BRADNER,
 FANNIE BRISTOW,
 DORA BYRD,
 LIZZIE CALDWELL,
 CARRIE CARUTHERS,
 JAIRA CHAPMAN,
 PEARL CHILDRESS,
 HALLIE CHRISMAN,

EVA CHUMNEY,
 MARY CLOPTON,
 MAGGIE CONQUEST,
 JULIA COVEY,
 HATTIE COX,
 MARY G. COX,
 GRACIE CROSS,
 KATE CRUTCHER,
 MINNIE DESHAZO,
 DAISY DIGGS,
 BESSIE DILLARD,
 VIOLA DOWNING,
 JULIA DUER,
 MARY DUPUY,
 BEULAH EAST,
 EDITH ELMORE,
 MAGGIE EWING,
 EUGENIA FALLWELL,
 LUCILE FRENCH FAUVER,
 FANNIE FITZGERALD,
 BESSIE FLOURNOY,
 RUTH FOREMAN,

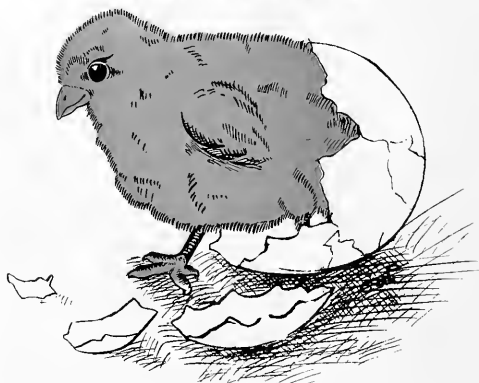


FIRST B CLASS

H. ETHEL FOSTER.
EFFA FOWLER,
KATE FULTON,
MARY GARNETT,
MARY GLOVER,
LILLIAN GREAYER,
NINA HAARSTRICH,
REVA HAMILTON,
BLUMA HARRIS,
MAYBELLE HEARRING,
CARRIE HIGHT,
EDNA HILDEBRAND,
LIDA HOGE,
CLARA HOGSHEAD,
BESSIE HOWLETT,
ETHEL HUBBARD,
HATTIE HUDSON,
PEARL HUNT,
ADELE HUNLEY,
ANNIE JACOB,
JANE JOHNSON,
MARY JOHNSON,
ANNIE LOUISE JONES,
HALLIE KING,
HELEN KING,
HELEN LEASON,
ADA MCCRAY,
MARY MCGEORGE,
ANNIE MCLEAN,
IDA MADISON,
GRACE MALLORY,
FLORA MILES,
ALICE MILLER,
FANNIE MILLER,
A. RUTH MINOR,
ANNIE MOORE,
ANNIE MORRIS,
EFFIE MURFEE,
ANTOINETTE NIDEMAIER,
BERTHA OWEN,
LILLIAN OWEN,
ESTHER OWENS,
ANNIE PATTERSON,
VIRGINIA PAULETT,

MABEL PETERSON,
MARY PIERCE,
LUCILE PLEASANTS,
ELLA POATS,
DORA PRICE,
LELIA PRICE,
MARY PUTNEY,
PEARL QUIGLEY,
ALLIE RAIFORD,
LAURA RHOTON,
MAY RICE,
MILDRED RICHARDSON,
HELEN RICKS,
LILLIAN ROSE,
SALLIE ROSE,
BESSIE RUCKER,
SUE RUFFIN,
RUTH SCHMELZ,
EMMA SCHOOLS,
CASSIE SHEPPARD,
DAISY STANT,
IRIS STEMBRIDGE,
MANIE STONEHAM,
FRANCES STONER,
PEARL SUBLETT,
BEULAH SUDDITH,
JENNETTE SWOOPE,
MARY HUNTER TATUM,
ELLEN TAYLOR,
MAUD THOMPSON,
PEARL TOWNSEND,
MINNIE TUDOR,
HATTIE TURNER,
ANNIE VAUGHAN,
ATALA WALKER,
IDA WALTON,
BESSIE WAMPLER,
VEDAH WATSON,
HAPPY WILDER,
EMILY WILLIAMS,
UNITY WILLIAMS,
VIVIAN WILLIAMS,
EUNICE B. WINGO,
LEONARDINE WRIGHT.

First A Class



MOTTO: *Ever onward.*

FLOWER: *Violet.*

COLORS: *Purple and old gold.*

OFFICERS.

<i>President</i>	MARY BRIGHTWELL.
<i>Vice-President</i>	LOU NANCE.
<i>Treasurer</i>	ANNIE SIMMONS.
<i>Secretary</i>	JEAN HARRIS.

CLASS ROLL.

DAISY BENNETT,	JUDITH EUSTACE,	LOU NANCE,
EMMA BINNS,	ANNIE GARROW,	MARY O'BRIEN,
ZADIE BOTELEER,	JEAN HARRIS,	LUCY PATTERSON,
ROBENA BREDRUP,	SADIE HOLLAND,	AGNES PINNER,
MARY BRIGHTWELL,	MARIA IRBY,	LOUDELLA REED,
EDITH BROWN,	RUFENIA IRBY,	ANNIE RIVES,
JOSHAN BROWN,	MARY JENNINGS,	RUTH SCARBOROUGH,
HATTIE BULL,	FLORENCE JONES,	VIRGINIA SELDEN,
GRACE CASH,	NELLIE JONES,	ANNIE SIMMONS,
HANNAH CHAPMAN,	SALOME JONES,	LILLIAN STILL,
BESSIE CLEMMER,	SARAH LE STOURGEON,	FLORENCE STONEHAM,
SELMA COBB,	MARGARET LEWIS,	MAUD VAUGHAN,
CELIA PEARL COX,	ASA LIGON,	ESTHER WHITE,
ELLA DILLARD,	ORA LINKOUS,	ZELIA WILLIAMS,
EMMA EDWARDS,	EMMA MATTHEWS,	CARRIE WITHERS,
MAGGIE EDWARDS,	CORNELIA MAXWELL,	DORIS WOODY.
SALLIE ELAM,	MARYE MOYERS,	



FIRST A CLASS

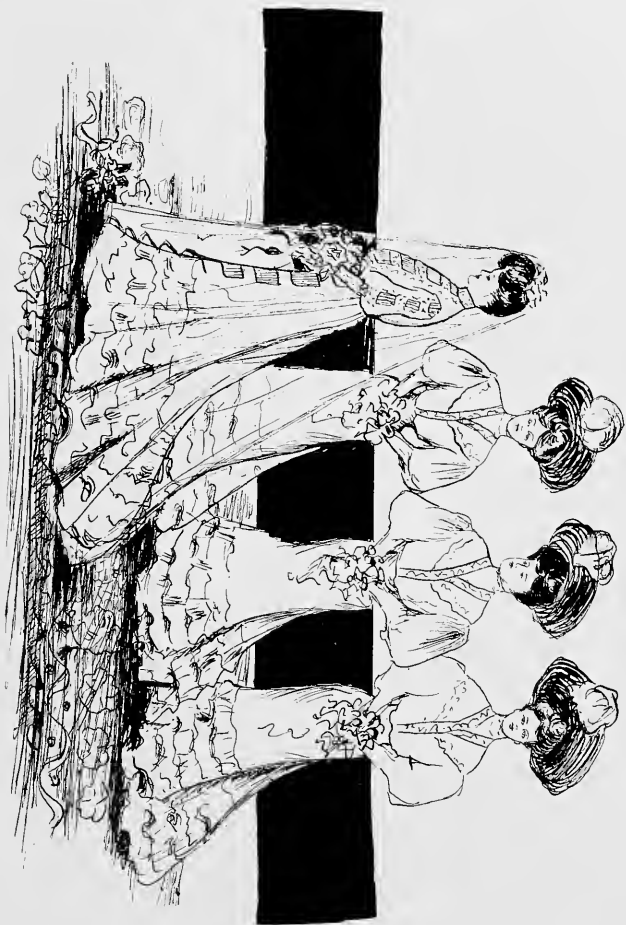
Our Brides

LUCILE KENT-- MRS. FREDERICK C. LEE.
ELISE HARTMAN--MRS. ARTHUR F. PITKIN.
JOSEPHINE OWEN--MRS. EDWARD CABNISS.
MARY MOORE--MRS. JAMES VENABLE.
MAGGIE CONQUEST--MRS. IRA WEBB.
HATTIE HUDSON--MRS. READE THORNHILL.
MAMIE KING--MRS. CHARLES PRICE.
GRACE TARTER--MRS. T. PERCIVAL SUMPTER.

A Toast

"Here's to bride and mother-in-law,
Here's to groom and father-in-law,
Here's to sister and brother-in-law,
Here's to friends and friends-in-law,
May none of them need an attorney-at-law."

OUR BRIDES



My School-days, Farewell!

*Oh my classmates dear, my sad tears are falling,
When I think how soon we part;
But the hour has come, my duty is calling,
Our new life we now must start.
From my school-days I must part with a sad and aching heart;
Then farewell, then fare thee well.*

CHORUS.

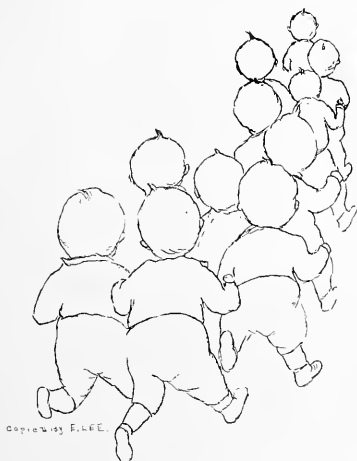
*From my school days I must part with a sad and aching heart,
Then farewell, then fare thee well.*

*Fare thee well, dear classmates, kind and loving,
And my teachers all, so dear;
From thy presence far away I am going,
Where thy voices may not cheer.
Dearest classmates, weep with me,
Parting day this must be;
Then farewell, then fare thee well.*

*Treading once more now thy pathways so charming,
O'er each dear loved spot I fly;
May no rough hand touch thee, ruthlessly harming,
When I've said my last good-bye.
Must my heart be ever sore,
If I see thee never more?
O farewell, O fare thee well!*

MARY FRENCH DAY.

The Kindergarten



HE Kindergarten is now finishing its second year in our school, and seems to have demonstrated its "excuse for being," inasmuch as it has been increased in size, in percentage of attendance, in the enthusiasm of its Mothers' Meetings, and in its promise of membership for the coming year.

There is much to attract the visitor in the rooms themselves; spacious and airy, flooded with sunshine, cheery with plants and pictures, but unique only in their furnishings of long tables, arranged in the form of quadrangles, and small green chairs not fastened to the floor in formal rows, but free to be removed as occasion demands. For the first half hour of the session they are arranged in a ring in the centre of one of the rooms, and their small occupants unite in their morning prayer, their hymn of praise and thanksgiving, their "good morning" to each other and to the sunshine or the rain, their songs about the seeds and flowers, the birds and animals, the stars and moon, the "loving mother" and dear baby; all the sweet interests that touch their lives, and can be used to widen their horizon. It is at this time, too, that they inspect new treasures—maple keys and "queer little seeds," a new flower, a captive bird, a wonderful cocoon—or tell the story of remarkable events, like the visit of an aunt, the sickness of the baby, the addition of a new blouse or a pair of shoes to the wardrobe. A half hour is long as these little people can sit quietly, and after the chairs have been placed in orderly fashion at the tables, comes ten or fifteen minutes of exercise—marching, running, skipping, the imitation of various animals, some for muscular development, some for sense training, some for pure fun and relaxation, but all carefully planned by the Kindergartner with a very definite purpose. A half hour at the tables follows, and the children devote themselves to the consideration of the "gifts," building blocks, cubical and brick-shaped; tablets, square, oblong and triangular; sticks and rings and various other objects,

through the use of which they get concepts of type forms, learn to observe carefully, get a working knowledge of various terms, learn the first principles of designs, work out small arithmetical problems—learn to see correctly, to discriminate and judge, to will in action through the hands which are being trained to obey the mind, and, above all, to express themselves in thoroughly creative work. Following this comes a half hour of games, always a favorite time with the visitor—old-fashioned and traditional games like drop the handkerchief, representative games like the blacksmith, the farmer—sense games for the training of eye, and ear and touch—imitative games where all follow the lead of one; each with its own special significance, as an opportunity for developing moral qualities, but from the child's point of view purely recreative. These are succeeded by the luncheon, a few moments of rest with heads on the table and eyes closed; a story or a picture; and the classes separate for a half hour of hard work, then reassemble on the ring. After every small person is ready with overshoes on, coat buttoned and hat in hand, the good-bye song is sung, the three hours' session is over, and the small troop marches out saying their happy good-byes at the door and effervescing with life as they feel the utter freedom of the out of doors. A happy little republic, eager to come each morning, and, at its close, eager to go, enthusiastic in their work and play, hospitable to guests, learning to give kind thoughts expression in kindly ways, acquiring and using knowledge, growing simultaneously in body, in mind, and in soul. Truly a child republic!

ELIZABETH J. FREEBORN.





The Training School



THE Training School first occupied a few small rooms in the office building, but now the entire first floor of the new west wing is devoted to its use. Each room is fitted with the most approved appliances—adjustable desks, slate blackboards, and handsome cases, containing books and specimens. On the walls hang well chosen pictures in artistic frames. In short, the surroundings are designed to arouse the highest ideals and bring out the best that is in both pupils and teachers.

By actual teaching, under the direction of efficient supervisors, the members of the Senior Class secure the necessary training and experience for a successful pursuit of the school-ma'am's vocation in old Virginia.

The supervisors and heads of departments are aided and abetted by the

children in the grades, who try to give their pupil-teachers "experiences." These young citizens are wonderfully original, clever, lovable, and interesting. To a new teacher they seem somewhat exciting, until the spirit of teaching comes upon her, then she puts her fear away with other "childish things," and the children strongly appeal to her sympathy and love. If they can inspire her to forgetfulness of self, in her desire to help them, she will hardly be compelled to take Faculty gymnastics on "Pitching Day."

Each of these grades has distinct characteristics. The innocence of the first grade is irresistible. For instance: "Now, children, George Washington was a great and good man——"

Future statesman, interrupting, "Miss, was he a Methodist?"

But this sweet simplicity is not to be compared to the philosophical tendency of the second grade. "If God didn't want Adam and Eve to eat the apple, what'd He put the tree in the garden for?"

The unexpected never happens in the third grade room. The only failing of these model children is an unnatural dislike to changes in name. "Well, Miss, there are so many teachers we can't remember them all, and that's why we call them all 'Miss.'"

The fourth grade is thoroughly Shakespearian. If the great dramatist had visited it, he would have changed pronouns, and said:—

*"Nothing it does or seems
But smacks of something greater than itself."*

If he had written a fourth grade soliloquy, it would have begun per force:—

"Faith! we can cut a caper."

The fifth grade won a picture for its room by writing the best paper in a geography contest. Like Undine, in the discovery of her soul, it has just awakened to its possibilities, and is now striving to go down in Training School history as the "Intellectual Fifth."

Like Byron and all other geniuses, the sixth grade awoke one morning and found itself famous. "Interesting" is not the word to describe it. It is original, it is versatile; yea, it is even brainy. Although it occasionally gives scenes from the last play during the history period, you can only admire the wonderful cleverness of the presentation, and love the actors in the same old way. To nine-tenths of the pupil teachers the sixth grade is their first *affaire d'amour*.

The seventh grade is a surprise. At first you compare its attractive appearance and dreamy Southern air to a coquette, but after the forcibleness of its logic has rolled in upon you, it becomes Bostonian in your estimation. You

only know from the beginning that the seventh grade is handsome, clever and lovable; that you think of it by day and dream of it by night. But, after all, you can't help waxing sentimental over it.

To the average pupil-teacher the eighth grade seems to think too much. It is, therefore, especially dangerous as to unexpected questions. The wonder of things has just struck it, and its eternal question is, "Why?" But what should be said of it is true of all--the Training School is honored in its grades.

MAMIE EDNA FLETCHER.



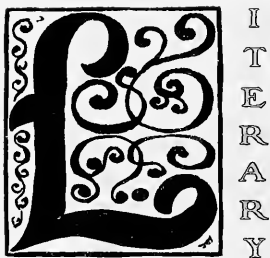


CINDERELLA IN FLOWERLAND



The Eternal Question(s)

Are the bells ringing this morning?
Did you go to chapel?
Do you know where Mr. Cox is?
Is this dessert day?
When will the new Assembly Hall be
finished?
Who observed you teach to-day?
If you knew it, why didn't you say it?
Did that happen by accident, young
ladies?
Did you get locked out?
What did you get on your test?
What can I do for you, gentlemen?
Will some one please put the dogs out?
Will you please till Miss H—— I am
sick to-day?
Have you enough ventilation in here,
girls?
Beautiful, won't you lend me a stamp?
Eh? What county are you from?
Why aren't you at breakfast, child?
Are there any other announcements?
All in bed?



*Deal gently with us, ye who read,
Our largest hopes are unfulfilled;
The promise still outruns the deed,
The spire but not the tower we build.*

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

School Spirit



LOYALTY is the principal element in school spirit, which consists in love for and pride and faith in the school, as well as a strong desire to promote her welfare by all fair means. Love for an institution is based upon confidence and trust in its faculty, and in the principles for which it stands. Pupils and teachers should be in sympathy with each other; there should be unity of spirit and interest among them, for "in union there is strength." This is especially true of school life, where faithful teachers are actuated by the same motives, and earnest students are working toward the same goal. It is impossible to find a strong school spirit where there is discord and strife among teachers or pupils.

We often say, "The child is father of the man." In the same sense, class spirit is the cradle of school spirit. When a class enters school it should be organized; its motto, yell, flower, colors and song should be selected at once, and used throughout the course to the Senior year. Organization should not be postponed until there is talk of an "Annual." From the first, the members of a class should be jealous of the honor of their body. To be perfectly loyal, girls may sometimes have to sacrifice their own personal desires or petty vanities. They should allow no pupil to act in any way which will reflect on the class. If a girl does something wrong and her classmates know of it, they should have enough kindness and courage to right this wrong, to sustain the honor of the school. When members of a class are true to each other, and to a high ideal of class conduct, they are likely to be loyal to that larger body, the school, and its administration.

But it is not sufficient that students act merely as classes, collectively. There must be a feeling of individual responsibility. Each pupil must feel that she has a part in making the school what it is; she should realize her power and should take an active interest in all school affairs. The welfare of the school should come before the personal affairs and feelings of either pupils or teachers.

Both time and opportunity should be furnished for the cultivation of the social side of school life, and for participation in school organizations of various kinds. 'Tis just here that pupils manifest the highest kind of school spirit. The faithful performance of assigned tasks is not necessarily an evidence of devotion to general school interests. A cheerful manifestation of life and energy, however, in promoting legitimate school interests to which one is not

bound by law, is a proof of love for school affairs. An active interest in the Literary Societies, the Athletic Association, the Dramatic Club, the Glee Club, the Young Women's Christian Association, The League, *The Guidon*, or *The Annual*, will do as much toward developing school patriotism as high class standing, if not more. For this reason, too much work is, perhaps, the greatest enemy to enthusiastic school spirit. An incessant "grind" leads pupils to think of the school as a place of drudgery, which, of course, they cannot love.

Indifferent, unsympathetic, selfish, clannish pupils hinder school spirit; for they think of nothing but their own pleasure, convenience, or advancement. No false, artificial barriers, or caste spirit, should be allowed to separate pupils; for with such a spirit it is impossible for the interest of the school to be put before the interest of the individual.

As is a country without patriotism, so is a school without loyalty. Then let all, teachers, officers, and pupils, work together for "the greatest good of the greatest number." With such a spirit of harmony and good will, what cannot the old school do? None will be allowed to defame her on the outside, and none will be permitted to be treacherous on the inside. Each member of the institution will strive to do her best for the sake of the dear "old school," as her affection names it. Then she will love its symbols, its songs, its banner, its colors. "The white and the blue" will become in truth, as in name, the emblems of purity and truth in school life.

GERTRUDE BURTON, '06'.



Freshman Primer

A Few Leaves That Were Saved.

LESSON I.

See the Little New Girl!
She has a handkerchief in her hand.
What is she doing?
She is crying because she is frightened and wants to go home.
What is she scared about?
The President said she must MATRICULATE.
Isn't it awful?

LESSON VI.

The Little New Girl is taking her first Test.
See her bite her pencil!
She has not written much on her paper.
Perhaps she is only thinking.
What is a test?
It is an endeavor to get something on paper out of nothing in the head.

LESSON VII.

The kind President has sent the Little New Girl a note!
She opens it with a glad smile.
She reads: "You are not passing on these five subjects."
Where can the Poor Little New Girl go?
She is already on her way to "Uncle Pat's."

LESSON IX.

Is that the Little New Girl's brother?
No, it is she herself. She is taking "Gym."
See her jump!
That is something new for her.
She generally "skips."

LESSON XII.

Why is the Little New Girl up so late?
She is at a Midnight Feast.
What is that?
Something grand, at which you have nice things to eat, and a chance to
wake up the girls who aren't invited.
She hears a step in the hall.

The Little New Girl has turned out the light.
She has gone under the bed.
She will get a dreadful sitting-on.
What is a sitting-on?
Be out of bed after ten o'clock to-night and you will find out.

LESSON XIII.

What a beautiful, stylish girl! Who is she?
She is an Irregular.
She belongs to every class in school from First A Arithmetic, to Senior B
Gymnastics.
She is looking out of the window at a real, live man!
Oh, see her wave her hand at him!
Probably he will call Friday evening.
How intensely interesting!
She is a very brave girl. She tries to pass away the time by waltzing and
writing letters.
Very often she is sick. Especially on test days!
The Faculty send her notes every two weeks.
She is almost as popular with them as with the boys.

LESSON XX.

Who is that noble-looking woman? Is she a faculty member?
Oh, no! She is a Senior B.
She is teaching in the Training School.
Let us go in and observe her.
She is not talking. The children are, though.
Perhaps she has forgotten her lesson plan.
Look how tightly she grasps the blackboard!
She seems to be scared.
Do you see the Supervisor anywhere?
There! The poor Senior B has misspelled "taught" on the blackboard.
Yes, the children have noticed it! How smart they are!
What is that book, almost full of writing, on the window-sill.
It is her Criticism Book.
How merrily the children laugh!
I wonder what she is trying to teach them.
Poor thing! Let us go out.
Yes, by the time she gets her diploma she will be a fine teacher.

M. E. F.

A Composite Creed

"Some creed is the backbone of every character."

I believe that a Junior of the Class of 1906 is, of all poor mortals, entitled to a creed of her own.

I believe in just enough work to keep me busy during study period—"Only this, and nothing more."

I believe in loving thy neighbor next to thyself, when she can give you some idea of making that lesson plain.

I believe in studying the why's and wherefore's of life, as we do in A-e-i-c-n H-s-o-y.

I believe in no neurosis without psychosis, and vice versa.

I believe in "believing nothing of what you hear," at the Normal School, and "only half of what you see."

I believe in "being nice" to the girl who gets a box.

I believe in Huyler's candy as a balm for all our woes.

I believe that the Head of the Home and her assistants should get their much-needed rest by retiring promptly at ten o'clock on the night of a midnight feast.

I believe that at the sound of the rising bell many are called, but few get up.

I believe in abundant outdoor exercise, especially that which is taken on Main street.

I believe in helping your fallen sister rise, after she has had a "sitting-on."

I believe that "you cannot keep sunshine a secret."

I believe in the influence of example. Practise does more than precept in showing the way.

I believe in success through perseverance. "Keeping everlastingly at it" brings the hoped-for result.

I believe "you should never trouble trouble, until trouble troubles you."

I believe that the training school and pitching day will "come to those who wait," and that the Juniors will conquer both.

I believe that girl is a genius who can mount each teacher's particular hobby and gallop cheerfully along, smiling sweetly and serenely while she is being jolted almost out of existence.

I believe in girls. I believe in light-headed girls, for they can always keep their heads above water; I believe in girls with long noses, for they can scent danger from afar; I believe in girls that are far-sighted, for they can see into the future; I believe in girls that have no afferent nerves, for their feelings can never be hurt.

Committee on Articles of Federation, drawn up after
class discussion

{ FRANCES LEWELLING,
ELIZABETH VERSER,
VIRGIE STUBBLEFIELD.

Gone to the Bow-Wows!

TUNE: "Mr. Rooster."

A "Mosaic," by the Juniors, dedicated to the exasperating memory of Rock and Rye, Rex and Muff, and a score of others forever nameless.

*The dogs are "priv'leged persons,"
In countless numbers seen
Upon the streets of Farmville,
And on the campus green.
"Oh, bow-wow-wow, wow-wow!"
For "every dog must have his day—"
At least that's what some people say.
"Oh, bow-wow-wow, wow-wow!"*

*The scene of action centers
Around the S. N. S.,
For there the bow-wows gather
To rob us of our rest.
"Oh, bow-wow-wow, wow-wow!"
These monsters never stop a bit,
Although it seems their throats would split.
"Oh, bow-wow-wow, wow-wow!"*

*At night the signal's given,
From north, east, south and west,
And every Farmville doggie,
Starts in to do his best.
"Oh, bow-wow-wow, wow-wow!"
To bark and howl is our delight;
We'll keep it up the livelong night!
Oh, bow-wow-wow, wow-wow!"*

*At morn, from deepest slumber
We wake—what mean those barks?
Those good-for-nothing doggies,
Are bent upon their larks.
"Oh, bow-wow-wow, wow-wow!"
One minute's rest we'll not allow;
You might as well get up right now.
Oh, bow-wow-wow-wow, wow-wow!"*

*They sneak into the buildings,
And scratch the doors and walls;
They bounce from under benches,
They loiter in the halls.
"Oh, bow-wow-wow, wow-wow!"
Aunt Patty's round, and out they go,
But still we hear them as before:
"Oh, bow-wow-wow, wow-wow!"*

*At nine they come to chapel;
At ten they "sing in flats;"
At noon they steal our luncheon,
At evening chew our hats.
"Oh, bow-wow-wow, wow-wow!"
Now, don't you think we've had enough
Of Rock and Rye, of Rex and Muff?
"Oh, bow-wow-wow, wow-wow!"*



Modern English

NOT BY BUEHLER

"Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt."

I am perfectly devoted to eggs.
We had a magnificent time.
I am four thousand times obliged to
you.

Isn't that dress divine?
I feel perfectly monstrous.
I adore mail-call.

Wasn't that excruciatingly funny?
I almost split my sides over it.
It will take me a thousand years to
graduate here.
I've been looking all over creation for
you.

She is the sweetest thing that ever
happened.
I love candy to distraction.
These stamens are tremendously small.

I've run my feet off for her to-day.

Her eyes shot fire! I certainly thought
she would take my head off!
I have to study so mortal hard!
She sprung a perfectly fierce test on us
to-day. I had to be carried out on
a stretcher.

(At dinner time) I am just starving
to death by inches! I haven't had a
thing to eat since breakfast.
Isn't she terribly sweet on herself?

She thinks she's the whole thing.

I have ten million things to do.
Oh, she can talk to beat the band!
She's perfectly horrid!--a regular
sour-ball!

I had an insane desire to see her.
She just dotes on peach ice-cream.
He looks like an elephant in baby
clothes.

I would give my eyes to go.
He is awfully, overwhelmingly rich.
I had rather die than go to the black-
board.
I am so hungry I don't know where
I am going to stay all night.

What a ridiculously pretty hat!
If I flunk on this test I'm certain to
evaporate.

Wouldn't it be too heavenly to go
home?

Oh, she is such an utter darling.
I had a fearful sitting-on.
You beautiful, darling, precious dog!
She absolutely paralyzes me with her
broad a's.

I shall be tickled into polka dots to
hear it.

I worship that woman. She is the
divine empress of my soul.
I do think the way some people talk is
perfectly killing.

NOTE—These pearls of speech were gathered up by the Second A Class as they dropped from the lips of students and faculty members.

Recollections of Manual Training



OW I know how a grizzled veteran writing up "Memoirs of War-time" must feel. I remember Mr. Naylor's looking over a list of books once during class time, and exclaiming, "Recollections of Peace and War!" Ah? I'm going to appropriate that title when I write up my experiences with my classes. That I am! But if you had been, figuratively speaking, "sawed off, put in the vise or under the hammer, drawn through an auger-hole, sand-papered, or reduced to kindling-wood and shavings," as I have been at frequent and irregular intervals, besides being kept in a perennial ferment by divers little official notes of warning in regard to my progress—rather, lack of it—you would fail to see where peace comes in.

There has been war in plenty. How many savage, suicidal blows have I not sustained in my infantile attempts at wood-carving? Have you ever been initiated into the mysteries of a T-square and a triangle, synonymous terms for instruments of torture? Have you ever spent days and weeks over four square inches of mechanical drawing to have some one yell to you at the last, "Smoke up, there; smoke up! or you won't get through next term?"

Once, while making a box, I became so confused over the multiplicity of details and operations, that I said, "Mr. Naylor, how shall I ever get inside this box?" With delicate, subtle irony, he replied, "Crawl in!"

One afternoon I became so absorbed in righting some of my many mechanical wrongs that I did not notice the flight of the hours. Imagine my feelings when I discovered that the janitor had locked me in that dark, lonely basement! With the aid of some one on the outside, who dragged me through the window, I made an ungraceful and undignified escape. When the lady of the house heard the tale, she exclaimed, "Scrambling out of windows? That is against the rules! I shall have to report you to the matron!" I trembled at the prospect.

The Professor, being very much opposed to our sitting down to work, used to hide the one stool in the shop on top of his treasure-box, but whenever he turned his back we fought like cats and dogs over that stool. I once succeeded in getting it, after many bruises, but it became, in less time than it takes to tell it, a genuine "stool of repentance."

For the benefit of the future manual-trained I should say that the trainer has a zeal amounting to passion for law and order. Ah, me! What woe has my carelessness not brought upon me? What "roastings" have I not endured because of the many things I have left scattered about?

And so, at the end of one session—and there are yet others ahead for me—my teacher firmly believes that he has done penance for all former sins by his efforts to teach me manual training. As for me, I feel assured of entrance into a future state of bliss, if such is to be won by tribulations here.

MARGARET WILLOUGHBY SHARP, '07.

Signs of the Times



NE bright May morning, near the end of the second term, I was sitting on a pile of old lumber in a shady corner of the campus, reviewing for a history examination. I was interrupted by heavy footsteps behind me, and turning around, I saw Elizabeth Evans running toward Mary Martin, who was sitting near me.

"Oh, Mary!" said Elizabeth with joyous excitement, "I have passed on my English! Isn't that fine?"

"Fine!" echoed Mary, but without enthusiasm. She was evidently not in good spirits.

"Yes," continued Elizabeth, "and I intend to sit in that very same seat next term, if I possibly can. I told you I should have good luck if I could only get the seat occupied last term by Elsie Horton. You know she was the teacher's favorite. You see I did too. But there! I mustn't be bragging!" And she rapped her knuckles against the rough wood with force enough to make her frown with pain.

"Did Alice pass?" asked Mary, with sympathetic interest.

"No, you know she sat on the back seat, and was, besides, number thirteen on the class roll. I wouldn't have been in her place for anything, would you?"

"No, indeed," replied Mary fervently; "as it is, I sleep with a rhetoric under my pillow every night."

"What good does that do?"

"Why, that keeps me from missing my daily recitations; but it didn't keep me from getting 'Poor' on my last test. I never intend to use that old pencil again. I threw it away at once. There! I have dropped my book!" she exclaimed with vexation.

"Oh, kiss it, kiss it!" begged Elizabeth.

Mary picked up the book and kissed it affectionately several times, but sighed as she said, "It won't do one bit of good, though. It's too late now to change my luck. This is bound to be a blue Friday for me. I had hardly got out of the bed this morning when I began to sneeze,—and you know what sneezing on Friday means! The next minute I caught myself singing—singing before breakfast! When I started down to breakfast I found I had forgotten my belt, so I had to turn back; and when, at last, I reached the table, there were two forks by my plate. I tremble to think what is in store for me this day."

"Well," said Elizabeth, with a bright smile, "I expect things to go well with me, even on this test, for I have taken every possible precaution. I put on a fresh shirt-waist this morning and fastened it with my wish-bone and four-leaf-clover

pins, as you see. These are my best friends on examination days. This is my lucky pencil, too; it is the same one I used when I made 'Excellent' on my algebra test. I got a letter at mail call this morning," she continued happily. "I just knew I would, because I hung up that hairpin I found yesterday afternoon."

The sound of a bell startled us. Mary jumped up quickly, exclaiming, "Oh! there's the chapel bell! I forgot to buy test paper! I will just have to submit to borrowing some this time, but it will pitch me sky-high, I know it will. As you usually pass on your tests, I think it will be safer to borrow from you. Won't you please lend me some?" she pleaded.

"Yes, gladly. Here are six sheets. I haven't been to chapel for a week, but I wouldn't dare to miss this morning. Come along, for luck; perhaps it will counteract some of your misfortunes."

They walked toward the Assembly Hall door, asking each other history questions as they went, but before they reached the steps I heard Mary's voice again. "Oh, I went on the wrong side of that tree! My doom is surely sealed now!" she wailed. "Was there ever such an unfortunate creature?" She ran frantically around the tree to the opposite side and clasped her friend's arm, but for once Elizabeth's sympathy failed, and she did not look at her despondent companion. She had excitement enough of her own. She had found a pin with the point toward her, and was deeply interested in sticking it under one tiny thread of her waist, so that it would be sure to drop out. Her expression was one of entire satisfaction with the result.

At last, arm in arm, they vanished within the chapel door. I followed slowly, and sank into a back seat just as the morning exercises began, but I heard not a word. My memory was busy with the signs of the times, and I wondered, somewhat sadly, how many devout worshippers of the little god of luck sat around me.

MERLE ABBITT, '06.





SCENES AROUND FARMVILLE

In the Elysian Fields

"*****LIFE'S fitful fever was over," so I journeyed to the Styx.

L

As he rowed me across the river, Charon told me that Rhadamanthus had judged all Virginians — just because they are Virginians — worthy of an eternal home in the Elysian Fields. He courteously asked me to what part of that happy region I wished to go.

Although I had seen much of the world, my strongest love was given to those

"Bright college years, with pleasure rife,
The shortest, gladdest years of life."

I begged, therefore, to be taken to the old State Normal School. Charon smiled knowingly. As I had been introduced to him by our Professor of History, who was also fond of rowing, I felt at liberty to ask the cause of his amusement.

"Do you know?" he replied musingly, "it is ever thus. Each 'Normal girl' insists upon being sent to this educational department of Pluto's kingdom. That is not astonishing; but it would bring tears to the eyes of a mortal to hear the Hampden-Sidney and V. P. I. boys imploring me for admittance there."

The Styx is a noble river, rich in historical memories. I wished from my very heart that I had not forgotten my note-book, but I felt comforted when Charon assured me I should have the pleasure of studying the stream, since the geography classes often visited it.

As I neared the bank I beheld a sight which made my very soul recoil. There, chained to a rock, like Prometheus, was a man in sore agony, tormented, like Orestes, by the Furies. Mercury, the messenger of those "Plutonian shores," told me, in explanation, that our doctor's thread of life had been suddenly cut by Atropos, and that he was, throughout the aeons of eternity, condemned to take his own "bitter pills."

When I reached the shore who should be standing there, with outstretched hand, to help me from the boat, but our steward. As he hurried me away I could see that he was the same genial, kindly man of the old time. Just a block or two around the corner, I saw again those stately, colonial buildings, the pride of our President's heart. How those memories that bless and burn came crowding into my brain!

As I was hurried through the halls to my room with the comforting assurance that my roommates were "such sweet, nice girls," I realized that I was

late in arriving, for the place was crowded, and many of my friends were already there. I almost ran against two girls who had grown together. I wondered if the Siamese twins were among us. Adjusting my glasses, I discovered that they were Bruce and Fannie. At last they were really inseparable.

Ah, another familiar face! What would the home be without "the baby?" Mary Sch —— remained the ever-faithful nurse; but as she was also the expert chemist's assistant, she was kept very busy in the laboratory, except when she was attending to Baby Jim, eating gum-drops, or buttoning her shoes with her trunk key.

As I wandered about, sadly realizing that I had not yet outgrown my earthly "greenness," which flattering friends call my "freshness," I felt bitterly disappointed. I had counted upon hearing some of the ancient famous musicians.

"O why is the lyre of Orpheus hushed? O why are the voices of the Sirens stilled?" I asked.

Little Hattie "drow-sy-ly" replied: "Why, don't you know? Since the Glee Club's arrival, Pluto has discovered that the lyre of Orpheus is out of tune and the Sirens' productions out of date, so they have all lost their jobs."

In several places I saw average-sized women madly pitching girls—some twice as large as themselves—sky-high. Mine eyes had grown dim in the service of the Normal School, so I did not recognize them individually; but when I heard the poor girls moan, "Repeat, repeat evermore," I again realized that I was in the presence of the champion pitchers of the Old Dominion.

How I pitied the patient teachers! They were still contending with pupils who believe so much in the virtue of constancy that they will never pass out of certain classes.

I myself am a most constant creature. I never abandoned some studies; mathematics was one of them. How I struggled and longed to be like my teacher, whose very thoughts were theorems.

Since the Professor of Psychology arrived, Cerberus will not notice anyone else. I have heard that dogs are fine judges of character. With this decided preference, and the flattering attentions of Pestalozzi and Froebel, I fear that the good Doctor will have his head turned.

The next morning when I was hurrying to the Assembly Hall I saw Annie L——, whose ambition—not to laugh—*seemed realized* after a lifetime of labor.

Will not this make the Physical Director's heart rejoice?

I asked the cause of her dejection.

"How can I ever smile again?" she replied, brokenly, "when poor Lizzie Ki—— Oh, how I lament her fate! It was so tragic for her to be tickled into polka-dots! And then there is Julia—pining away! You know she is very

fond of children, especially 'Kid;' and he hasn't come yet. And 'Cousin Lucy' is still asking, 'Which shall it be?' But

'There are things of which I may not speak;
There are dreams which cannot die.'

"Then, too, the Atom and Molecule are beginning to be the whole thing. The laws of physics will be wrecked! And as if these were not enough troubles, the Teacher of Reading still insists upon our 'getting the thought and giving the thought'—as if we could have her thoughts, 'which bless her who gives and her who takes!' Oh me; oh me! I am in despair! And Kathleen is the only person in all this world who sympathizes with me!"

She became more cheerful, however, when Mary F—— passed by and stopped to say, "Now, you must not do that! I know how it is, I do it myself."

After opening exercises I went to class armed with my Caesar. There I saw three new girls, dressed either in white kimonos or Delsarte gowns. The Latin teacher must rejoice over their pure Roman pronunciation; but their translations were miserable. I have not any curiosity, but simply a desire for knowledge. After class, I asked them their names and the names of their counties. One, who looked like the daughter of an actress, stepped forward and said, with graceful gestures and perfectly filled vowels: "*Patria nostra est Roma*" (I didn't put that in my map of Virginia) "*est sumus Caesar, Vergil, Ciceroque, magistra tua tibi fuit quare*"——

The breakfast bell was ringing, and I should have to miss my breakfast!

Vengeance is mine! Therefore all the world shall know of the dreams I dreamed when I should have been dressing.

E. WINIFRED BROWN, '08.



Rosemary



HE vesper service was just over at Russell College. The girls walked up and down, or sat in little groups on the campus, enjoying the peaceful twilight hour. Over by the rosemary bed Celeste Paterson and Margaret Page sat idly swinging in a hammock; they were long silent.

"Oh, the vesper service was beautiful!" said Margaret, speaking first. "Dr. Strong's talk, 'Unto Others,' went right down into my heart. We mustn't be selfish any more, Celeste, or we can never grow into that helpful, charming womanhood he pictured."

"We must try very hard to remember," said Celeste.

"Perhaps we shall need something to help us," added Margaret, leaning over to break off two sprigs of fragrant rosemary. "'There's rosemary,'" she quoted, giving one to Celeste, "'that's for remembrance; pray, love, remember.'"

"Celeste, I must tell you what I'm going to do 'unto' you next month when you graduate," Margaret continued impulsively; "I just can't keep it any longer. I'm going to give you the loveliest roses in the State, and, oh, so many of them, Celeste! I've saved and saved my nickles and dimes, and the hoard has grown wonderfully for spendthrift me."

"Oh, Margaret," exclaimed Celeste, "I love roses better than anything else. You dear! How shall I ever thank you?"

"Well, you have a whole month in which to consider that important subject," answered Margaret. "I'm so glad you like the idea," she continued. "Oh, Celeste, you will look lovely that wonderful night when you receive your diploma. I can see you now, sitting there in your dainty white dress, and surrounded by flowers. There will be Brides' roses, La France roses, American Beauties, and hundreds of others. Roses, roses, roses; a whole garden full!"

And Margaret and Celeste fell to dreaming of that graduation day.

Presently the sound of an anxious, distressed voice, floating down from an upper window, broke the silence.

"I shouldn't mind it at all, if it were not for my mother," somebody was saying—somebody who was also thinking of that graduation day. The voice belonged to Hester Graham; plain, awkward, reserved Hester, who had little to do with the other girls.

"I'm stiff and ugly and unpopular, you know," the girl continued, with an unsteady voice, "but mother does not dream of it. She thinks I am just like other girls. She is coming to see me graduate, and she says that half the pleas-

ure of her visit will be in seeing me fairly covered with flowers. She supposes all girls are, by some magic power, when they graduate. But nobody cares for me, so I shall not get a single one, not even a buttercup. It will half kill her," Hester ended bitterly.

"Oh, poor Hester," murmured Celeste. Margaret said nothing. The fragrance of the rosemary in her hand awoke a thought which made her heart sink. Did "unto others" mean unto Hester Graham?

* * * * *

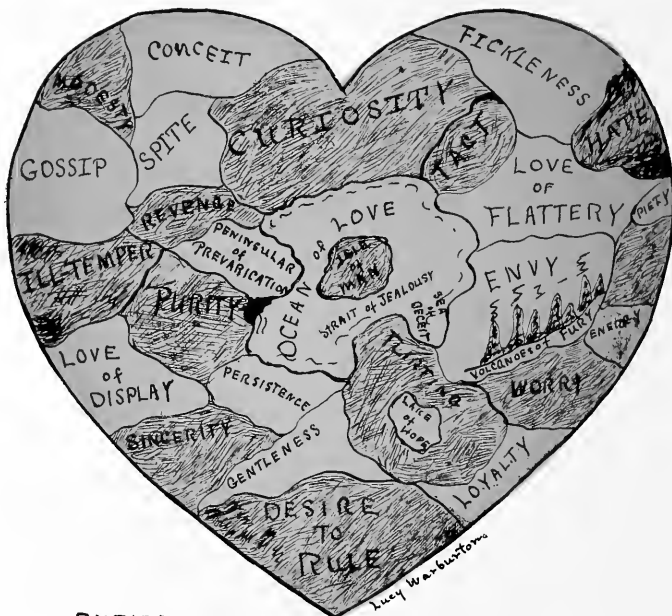
Commencement night at last! Celeste, from her place among the fluttering, happy-faced graduates, looked down on the audience, and saw her dainty, bright, beautiful mother by Margaret. Near by sat Hester's mother, a care-worn, faded, shabbily-dressed woman, but with loving eyes which rested upon the plain little daughter on the opposite side of the stage. Again Celeste murmured, "Poor Hester!" but her eyes lingered only a moment upon the other girl, who sat with downcast eyes and hands nervously clinched together. With an effort Celeste gave her attention to the programme.

In a little while it was all over: the address was finished; the diplomas were delivered; and the ushers were hurrying happily about, distributing flowers and gifts. Among Celeste's many remembrances there was nothing from Margaret. What could it mean? Where were those promised roses? At the very last minute, an usher brought her a quaint little basket filled with rosemary. Celeste looked at the card with the unusual gift. "Miss Margaret Page," she read, in amazement. On the other side she found, "There's rosemary; that's for remembrance; pray, love, remember."

But Celeste did not remember. A basket of rosemary! Her lips quivered, and her puzzled eyes sought Margaret's face, but they never found it; they fell first on Hester's mother. The thin, tired face was transfigured with pride and happiness. What wonder! On the other side of the stage, Hester, with flowers heaped around her, and one great bunch held lovingly against her cheek, sat in joyful bewilderment. There were Brides' roses, La France roses, American Beauties, and hundreds of others. Roses, roses, roses; a whole garden full, it seemed!

Celeste flashed a radiant smile to Margaret, for at last she remembered, and was glad.

FLORA THOMPSON, '07,
Argus Literary Society.



EMPIRE OF A WOMAN'S HEART.

You omitted situation. A Woman's Heart has not been definitely located, but is either in the eyes, mouth, or hand. In rare instances it is in the head.

Watch your outlines.

Area left out. Woman's Heart is twice the size of Man's Heart.

Climate not mentioned. The Manual Training Teacher claims to have experienced its changes. See him.

History also omitted. See History of Education Teacher, as he has specialized on this subject.

LESSON OUTLINE.

GRADE VIII.

GEOGRAPHY.

A Woman's Heart.

- I. Comparative Latitude
- II. Comparative Longitude.
- III. Physiography.
- IV. Political Divisions.
- V. Government.

SUSIE CHILTON, '05,
 MANIE FLETCHER, '05,
 Cunningham Literary Society

LESSON PLAN.

No capital
Omit "about."

See me about this. It is
2° south. Sp. Incorrect
matter. The standard me-
ridian is Good Looks. Be
sure you know meaning of
words.

Capital.
Famous for terrific
storms.

For amusement they are
very valuable.

Punctuation

No such word in diction-
ary.

Capital.

Sp.

Also very musical; the
country being famous for
its lyres. | S

This Lost River of Happi-
ness is sometimes redis-
covered by couples on
moonlight strolls, etc

Do you mean burnt billet
doux?

You missed the thought
of the lesson by laying em-
phasis on the Isle of Man.
It is insignificant. Your
description of Ocean of
Love is excellent, and shows
result of a short voyage.
Watch your spelling. I am
not sure about some of your
matter. See Encyclopedia
Britannica.

Do not be embarrassed if
children ask questions, for
this is most interesting les-
son in the Eighth Grade.

Now, children, what new country Shall we study to-day?
Yes, we are going to study about a Woman's Heart. Tell me
all you know about this great empire. What is the latitude
of a Woman's Heart? (The answer I shall expect is 50° north.)
What is the longitude of a Woman's Heart reckoning from
the standard meridian of Man's Heart?

Describe physiography. Name ocean, plain, volcano, in-
dentations. Why is so much known of the Ocean of Love?
(Because it is bordered largely by curiosity.) For what is the
Ocean of Love famous? (Contains Isle of Man.)

Name some animals found in this ocean. (Dudes, college
boys, etc.) Value of these animals? (Worthless.)

Now, children, I shall tell you something interesting about
this ocean. It is the stormiest of all of the oceans, and most
of these storms arise on the Isle of Man. There is room
enough for only two in the boats that sail on this ocean, and
when three get in there is usually a capsizing.

What can you say of the peninsula of Prevarication? (It is
really a part of the Isle of Man.)

Which are the smallest states? (Piety and Energy.) Why?
(Envy, hate, and Worrry have seized their lands.) Which are the
largest and strongest states? (Curiosity and Desire to Rule.)

How are Flirting and the Isle of Man separated? (By
Strait of Jealousy.) How was this strait formed? (By action
of Flirting on Isle of Man.)

Name a few things concerning Gossip. (Its inhabitants are
great linguists.) What is sincerity? (A big desert.) For
what is the Sea of Deceit famous? (Wrecks.)

What lost river on the Isle of Man? (Lost River of Happi-
ness.) Account for this. (Due to an earthquake on Ill Temper
and Revenge.) What makes Fickleness famous? (Its great
summer resort.)

What is the effect of the Volcano of Fury on the Isle of
Man? (It sometimes covers it with ashes of love.)

Why is the coast surrounding the Ocean of Love so irregu-
lar? (Because the ocean is wearing the heart away.) What
will eventually conquer Isle of Man? (Tact, Policy, and
Persistence.)

How many states make up a Woman's Heart? (Twenty-
six.) Why does the government of a Woman's Heart resem-
ble that of Central America? (Because it is in constant re-
bellion.)

I shall, in closing, have a short review of lesson, laying
special stress on Isle of Man.

A Voice in the Night



LAST night I heard a voice, low and indistinct—a whisper without words. I listened again; it was deep and sad; from out the bygone years it seemed to come. At last I heard the words, "What I shall tell you, write. My own simple story—but listen, and you shall hear it:

"Ah, I see her now, the little maid, the little Dorothy, as she stood beneath the elm with me, her little knight, by her side. We were watching the little humming-bird as he darted in and out among the twining branches of the Virginia creeper. Suddenly he darted towards us. 'Oh don't!' she whispered, as I reached out my hand to catch at him.

"There now; he's gone! You frightened the poor little thing. You are a bad boy, and I won't stay with you any longer."

"She turned—I saw her no more, but fell forward into blackest darkness.

* * * * *

"Indians!" they told me. It was Indians who stole the little maid and left me unconscious under the elm, where I was found, after a long, long search. But the little maid could not be found, search as they would.

* * * * *

"Years passed, my childhood days had almost vanished,—all save one sweet, bitter hour when I stood beside a little maid under the elm tree,—the rest was but mist in the distance. I was a man.

"France and England were at war, and America was the battle-ground. Like loyal Virginians, we fought for King George. A company of us, on our way to join the English forces at Fort Henry, encamped in a dark forest for the night. My comrades slept while I kept watch. I know not why, but, as I paced back and forth in the lonely night, a vision of other days rose before my eyes. I was a child again, standing beneath an elm, and a little maid, with an angry flash in her eyes, stood by me. I heard her say again, 'You are a bad boy, and I—'

"What is that shadow that glides among the trees? Hush!—It is an Indian woman. She is creeping stealthily towards me,—she stands beside me—she speaks rapidly:

"The Indians are coming! Quick! Be ready!"

"That voice, that voice! It is—it cannot be,—Oh, Heaven, it is—Dorothy! Dorothy!"

"But she was gone; the shadow had vanished into the darkness whence it came.

"Dazed, stupefied, I called the men to arms. They were scarcely awake

ere the silent depths of the forest rang with the blood-curdling war-whoop. A quick, hand-to-hand fight—an awful moment—they were gone. I looked around on my comrades. Only a few remained.

"I grow faint. Whence comes this blood on my breast? From my heart? Let it bleed; it has bled before. O, Dorothy, Dorothy!

"'Dorothy is here!' A tall form kneels beside me; a dear hand clasps mine; sweet lips touch my cheek.

"'You will not leave me again, Dorothy?'

"'Never, dear one.'

"An arrow, sent by a vengeful, skulking red-skin, finds its mark—Dorothy's heart.

"'And I will go with you, sweetheart. I am coming, coming now, Dorothy!'"

* * * * *

I listened intently, but the voice had ceased, and I heard only the trembling of the leaves in the night wind.

SALLIE JONES, '06,
Cunningham Literary Society.



From the Third Generation



AS THE clock struck five the pretty stenographer in the office of John R. Crandall, attorney, sighed with relief and began straightening her papers preparatory to leaving for the night.

"Miss Brewster," said the deep voice of the young man, as he entered the inner office with a telegram in his hand, "I am called to my grandfather's funeral." The young lady started, but Mr. Crandall did not notice. "I shall be gone for a week, so the office will be closed and you must have a vacation."

"I am very sorry to hear of your trouble, Mr. Crandall. Is there anything I can do to help you get ready?"

"No, nothing that I can think of, thank you."

The words sounded cold and business-like enough, but the voices were somewhat unsteady, and their hearts were speaking in a different strain. The man thought, "As soon as I come back I must tell her. I cannot wait longer."

The maiden, too, was hiding a deep love, and she longed to comfort this strong man in his sorrow.

As it was, they said an almost awkward good-bye, and Mr. Crandall hurried from the office.

Miss Brewster looked sadly at the closed door. "What if he knew all—as he now must!" she whispered. "But it was the only way to please the dear old man. And now he is gone!" She gave way to grief, but in a few moments she, too, was making hurried preparations for a trip. She also must go to that funeral, and she must follow the young man on a later train. Unknown to her employer, she had, until a few months before, when she entered his office, been a near neighbor to Judge Crandall, his grandfather, and the comfort of the old man's heart.

* * * * *

John Crandall sat, for the first time, in the home of his fathers. His grandfather had been estranged from his only son, Robert, John's father, for so many years that the young man had never seen the fine old home place of the Crandalls.

The lonely, stately dinner was over, and John sat in his grandfather's great leathern chair before the blazing fire in the library, and dreamed of misty memories as the restful night comes on. He thought of the stern old man, unsoftened and undaunted by life's rugged way, forced to yield his will at last to a stronger power. He thought, then, of his manly father and gentle mother, who had left him desolate, dying within a few weeks of each other. Then he saw in imagination a scene of bitterness which had occurred before that great fireplace, and he groaned aloud for the pity of it. It was the old, old story of filial disobedience and fatherly sternness—all because of a fair woman.

The plantation next to Judge Crandall had belonged for many years to Mr.

Randolph. This gentleman's daughter, Mildred, and Robert Crandall, had been destined for each other, not, as you might suppose, by kind fate, but by their parents. The handsome boy and girl grew up loving each other as the best of friends and dear comrades. When the time for a settlement came, the young people were surprised at their parents' scheme, and in hot rebellion refused to enter into any nearer relation than that of their beautiful friendship. They would have given in easily enough, no doubt, if each had not pledged vows of love to some one else.

Mildred had been won by a young doctor, noble in character, but with his way to make, while Robert had poured his deepest love into the heart of the little sad-eyed governess who taught the Randolph children. Mildred and Robert had sympathized with and encouraged each other in these attachments, which they had carefully hidden from their proud families.

A strong and passionate scene occurred between the judge and his wilful son.

"Bob," the judge said sharply, one evening, "when are you and Mildred going to consent to this marriage? What in the world is the use in wasting time like this? In my day, young men had some spirit, and wooed, won, and were wed in less than six months."

Robert answered, in pained constraint, "Why, father, you already know that Mildred and I will never marry. I am very fond of the little girl, but I do not love her, and she does not love me."

"What, sir? Do you really mean it? You'll not marry? Why not, sir? Love? That will come. Why, I have planned this ever since you were tiny children and came running, hand in hand, to meet me."

His tone changed suddenly, and he said lovingly, almost pleadingly, "But perhaps you're just in fun, my boy. Come, now, Bob, be sensible; tell your father you'll do it. I'll give you the old Craig mansion, furnished in the handsomest fashion, if you will take Mildred there as your bride."

The young man spoke impetuously: "Oh, father, father, you don't know what you ask! I would do anything in the world to please you—anything but this! It would be wrong—I can't do it"—then, defiantly, "I love another—Dorothy Manners—and mean to marry her, too, please God!"

On one side of the glowing hearth stood the young man, with his handsome head held high, and his face white and determined in the flickering firelight; the Judge, stately, proud, terribly stern, faced him in silence for a full, agonizing minute; then his words came like quick, stinging hailstones:

"A nursery governess! A nobody! You would dishonor your name and family. Leave this house, forever!"

An hour later, in the quiet parsonage near by, with Mildred herself as witness, they were married—Robert and the winsome girl for whom he gave up his inheritance and all share in his father's love. But, with Dorothy's hand in his, and her sweet, true eyes looking into his, he felt no sense of loss. They went to live in a distant city, where, by means of a very modest income that Robert had

inherited from his mother, they made a simple, happy home. In time Robert became a successful lawyer, and he and his dainty wife entered into a charming circle of friends; but they often spoke wistfully and compassionately of the old man who refused to see them, even name them, but lived on wilfully alone and miserable.

John Crandall had been surprised, therefore, when summoned to his dying grandfather. He had been still more astonished when the old family lawyer informed him that he was the heir of all his grandfather's estate, except a competence given to the faithful butler.

"The will is to be read tomorrow," said he.

Unable to keep still longer, the young man sprang to his feet, to pace restlessly up and down the darkened library. The lawyer had informed him that strange conditions were attached to the will, and that another was concerned in it, a young lady, who would arrive tomorrow. When asked her name he had curtly replied, "Wait until tomorrow. This much will I say: She is the daughter of Mildred Randolph, whom your father refused to marry!"

They were gathered in the dimness of the library, a constrained group—the wizened attorney, the white-haired butler, the broad-shouldered, square-jawed young man, and a slender girl in black, heavily veiled. A dry, sharp voice broke the stillness:

"I do hereby bequeath to my grandson, John Robertson Crandall, all real estate, lands, bonds, and personal property belonging to me, being determined not to lay on his head the sins of his father. He shall, however, make reparation for those sins, or relinquish the estate; if, at the end of a year, he shall not have married Dorothy Brewster"—John sprang to his feet at the name—"the daughter of my friend, Mildred Randolph Brewster, the whole of the aforesaid property shall revert to her."

John stood electrified by this strange voice from the dead, and gazed in bewilderment at the young girl, who now, with trembling hands, put back her veil, and lifted uncertain, tearful eyes to his. In an instant he was bending over her shaking form. She put up deprecating hands.

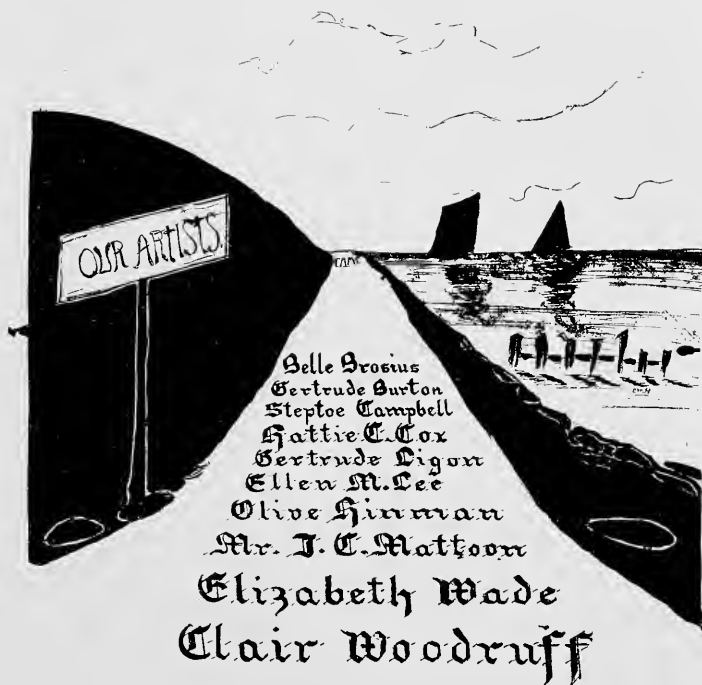
"Oh, Mr. Crandall—John—you must let me explain—your grandfather made me do it—you must know—"

But he was holding both hands, and would not let her go on.

"Dorothy, my Dorothy, I know enough for the present to make me the happiest man on earth. How can I thank the good, dear man, whom we must both call grandfather! Sweetheart, we were destined for each other from the third generation behind us. Are you afraid, dear, to meet your fate?"

The lawyer and the faithful servant hurried discreetly from the room, for Dorothy's love-lighted eyes said she was not afraid.

MARY MERCER SCHOFIELD, '06,
Cunningham Literary Society.



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Gertrude Burton
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Olive Hinman
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Argus Literary Society

ORGANIZED November 21, 1903.

CHARTERED December 1, 1904.

MOTTO: "*To see the better.*"

COLORS: *Green and gray.*

FLOWERS: *White rose and smilax.*

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Organized November, 1903.	Course of Study. Southern Writers.	Chartered. December, 1904.
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THE GUIDON



Wm. L. Brown, Editor

THE GUIDON



State Normal School

Farmville, Virginia





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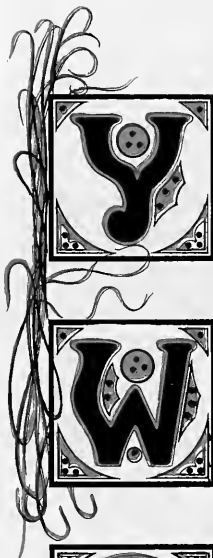
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YOUNG women who leave home to enter a boarding-school find their surroundings different from those under father's roof. In the new life broader opportunities are offered and higher desires are born. At the same time new difficulties and temptations must be overcome, and as she stands face to face with such problems she longs for father's wise counsel, mother's loving guidance, brother's and sister's sympathy and encouragement. She misses the sweet, restraining influences of home.



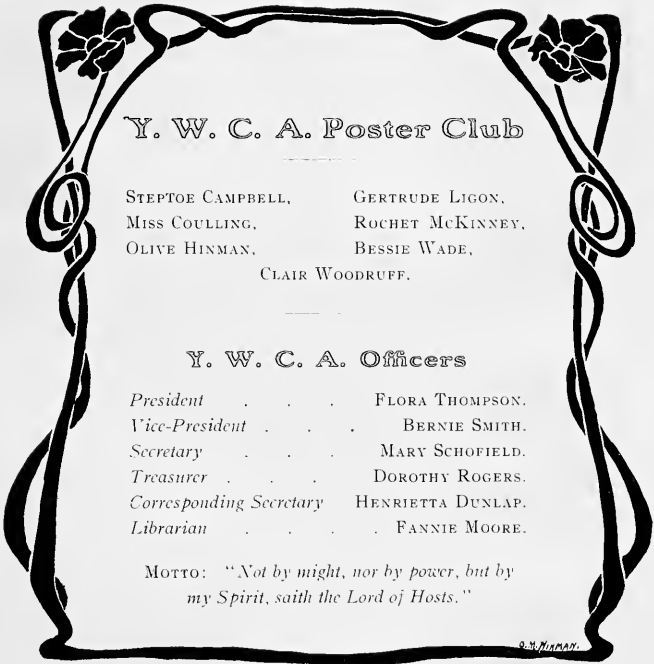
HERE can she find most help? Who will give her a cordial welcome, and in loving kindness help her adjust herself quickly and happily to new scenes and duties? What power will be strong enough to keep her from abusing new liberty or breaking new laws? Where can she find encouragement to patience, kindness, and courtesy, or incentives to faithfulness and honesty in her daily work? What will help to provide her with pleasant social relations and enduring friendships?



CHRISTIAN girls will find these questions answered in part, at least, by the Young Women's Christian Association, which here numbers over three hundred. It offers them a field for the continuation of Christian activities, begun perhaps in the home church. Its programmes, prayer-meetings, and committees furnish them opportunities for worship, and, better still, a most helpful experience, which, while it deepens their own spiritual lives, will, at the same time, give them invaluable training for future leadership in the higher life. Is not such preparation of vital importance to a true teacher?



AND the irreligious girl finds here her opportunity, too. If home influences, associates, or her own wandering, unhappy will, have previously kept her from the Christian life, she finds in the Association, where she will receive sympathy, encouragement, and love, a chance to begin under the best possible auspices. The Association heartily welcomes all girls, new and old, pretty or slow, clever or otherwise. It furnishes the strongest "tie that binds" girls together in school life.



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MOTTO: "Not by might, nor by power, but by
my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."

O. H. HINMAN.



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ORCHESTRA.

<i>First and Only Mandolin</i>	E. E. JONES.
<i>First and Only Guitar</i>	J. C. MATTOON.

MOTTO: "Music is love in search of a word."

FAVORITE OCCUPATIONS: *Tuning up. Answering encores.*

FAVORITE SONG: "Mamma Pinned a Rose on Me."

COLORS: *Black and Blue (Eyes).*

FLOWERS: *Tulips.*

ENGAGEMENTS.

<i>Place.</i>	<i>Date.</i>
Cunningham Literary Society.	Any time.
Argus Literary Society,	Other times.
Glee Club Concert,	Sometimes.
Entertainments,	Every time.



The Seminar course consists of a thorough study of the National Educational reports for 1903 and 1904. Each leader is held responsible for one department meeting, at which reports and reviews of the various articles are read.

<i>I. Kindergarten Department</i>	ELIZABETH RICHARDSON.
<i>II. Primary Department</i>	ALICE PAULETT.
<i>III. Debate—Resolved, That the general effect of co-education among the sexes is beneficial</i>	EDITH WHITLEY.
<i>IV. An English Evening</i>	CALVA WATSON.
<i>V. Manual Training</i>	CLAIR WOODRUFF.
<i>VI. Art Education</i>	MAUDE ANDERSON.
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Members Senior B Class.





Kappa Delta Fraternity



Education

FOUNDED AT THE VIRGINIA STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, 1897

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GAMMA	Hollins Institute.
THETA	Randolph-Macon Woman's College.
SIGMA	Gunston Institute.
PHI PSI	Fairmont Seminary.
PHI DELTA	St. Mary's School.
ZETA	University of Alabama.
KAPPA ALPHA	Florida State College.
RHO OMEGA PHI	Judson College.
DELTA	Columbia College for Women.

COLORS: *Olive green and white.*

OFFICIAL ORGAN: "*The Angelos.*"

MARY SHERMAN FORD,	FRANCES LEWELLING,
LELIA MADISON JACKSON,	SUSIE FORD,
LUCY MORTON BROOKE,	ROCHET MOREAU MCKINNEY,
FRANKIE IRVING MCKINNEY,	CARRIE BRUCE MORTON,
FANNIE ARMISTEAD MARSTON,	RUTH SCHMELZ,
NAN MORTON NICHOLSON,	MARY VENABLE WATKINS,
MARY KATHARINE GRAYSON.	

Annual Convention held in Richmond, April 21, 22, 1905.

Delegates: Frances Lewelling, Ruth Schmelz, Frankie McKinney.







KAPPA DELTA FRATERNITY

Sigma Sigma Sigma Fraternity

ESTABLISHED 1897.



CHARTERED 1903.

FLOWER: *Purple violet.*
COLORS: *Purple and white.*

CHAPTERS.

ALPHA	State Normal School.
BETA	Woman's College, West Virginia.
GAMMA	Randolph-Macon Woman's College, Virginia.
DELTA	University of Nashville, Tennessee.
EPSILON	Hollins Institute, Virginia.
ALUMNAE CHAPTER	Hampton, Virginia.

CHANT.

Ra! Ra! Ra! Re! Re! Re!
We're the Sigma Sigma Sigma, See!
Who are we? Who are we?
Girls of the Sigma Sorority.

IN FACULTATE.

*NATALIE LANCASTER.

IN URBE.

ANNE RICHARDSON,	EDNA COX,
ELIZABETH RICHARDSON,	MAUD MASON,
RHEA SCOTT,	ELIZABETH STOKES,

IN COLLEGIO.

MERLE ABBITT,	KATHLEEN PRICE,
ANNIE LANCASTER,	MARY SCHOFIELD,
ELLEN LEE,	LUCY SINCLAIR,

LOIS WATKINS.

*Absent when picture was taken.



SIGMA SIGMA SIGMA FRATERNITY

Zeta Tau Alpha Fraternity

ALPHA CHAPTER.

ORGANIZED 1898

CHARTERED 1902.

COLORS: *Turquoise blue and steel gray.*

FLOWER: *Double white violet.*

OFFICIAL ORGAN: "*Themis.*"

ROLL OF CHAPTERS.

ALPHA	State Normal School.
ALUMNAE	Hampton Roads.
BETA	Judson College.
DELTA	Randolph-Macon Woman's College.
EPSILON	University of Arkansas.
ZETA	University of Tennessee.
ETA	Mary Baldwin Seminary.
THETA	Bethany College.
IOTA	Richmond College.

IN COLLEGIO.

MARGARET PAGE BRYDON,	LIZZIE B. KIZER,
JANIE MAY CRUTE,	SALLIE BACON RICE,
MARY ANDERSON COLEMAN,	DE BERNIERE HARPER SMITH,
STEPTOE CHRISTIAN CAMPBELL,	JULIA DREW PALMER,
OLIVE MAY HINMAN,	EMMA LAWSON WARING.

IN URBE.

HATTIE KING BUGG,	HELEN CHAPPELL JORDAN,
EDITH BRENT DUVAL,	CARRIE LLEWELLEN KYLE,
JANET AMANDA DUVAL,	CLAIR WOODRUFF,
MRS. WALKER SCOTT.	



ZETA TAU ALPHA FRATERNITY



Alpha Sigma Alpha Fraternity

Made national during the session of 1902-'03.

CHAPTERS.

ALPHA	State Normal School, Virginia.
BETA	Woman's College, West Virginia.
GAMMA	Woman's College, South Carolina.
DELTA	Mary Baldwin Seminary, Virginia.
EPSILON	Fauquier Female Seminary, Virginia.

IN URBE.

CALVA HAMLETT WATSON, GRACE MACON WILSON,
LOUISE BURKS COX.

IN COLLEGIO.

VIRGINIA LEE BOYD, JULIETTE JEFFERSON HUNDLEY,
LILLIE MAE EVERETT, MARGARET LYNN STEPHENS,
BESSIE CLOUD FERGUSON, LUCIPHINE JENNINGS EVERETT,
GEORGIE WARD NEWBY, MARGARET RUSSELL PATTERSON.
HATTIE VIRGINIA KELLY.

ALPHA SIGMA ALPHA FRATERNITY







Tennis Club

President HATTIE KELLEY
Secretary DOROTHY ROGERS.
Treasurer HENRIETTA DUNLAP.

MOLLIE BYERLY,
LUCY BROOKE,
VIRGINIA BOYD,
SEPTOE CAMPBELL,
HATTIE CRUFE,
HENRIETTA DUNLAP,
SUSIE FORD,
ISABELLE FLOURNOY,
CARRIE KYLE,
HATTIE KELLY,
LOIS LEONARD,
HELEN LEASON,
MAUDE MASON,
CARRIE MASON,

LUCY McCRAW,
FANNIE MARSTON,
BRUCE MORTON,
GEORGIE NEWBY,
JULIA PALMER,
HATTIE PAULETT,
SALLIE RICE,
DOROTHY ROGERS,
EDITH ROGERS,
MARY SPENCER,
BERNIE SMITH,
CLAIR WOODRUFF,
FRANCES WOLFE,
EMMA WARING.

MISS HILLS, *Honorary Member.*





Skating Club

COLORS: *Black and blue.*

PREVAILING DISEASE: *Dropsy.*

AIM: *To stand up for your own rights.*

FAVORITE SAYING: *That doesn't cut any ice with me.*

MOTTO: *United we stand, divided we fall.*

President BESS HOWARD

Honorary Member DR. SEARS

MEMBERS.

MARY VIRGINIA HOMES,
ANNIE LANCASTER,
KATHLEEN PRICE,
PAULINE WILLIAMSON,
BRUCE MORTON,
ELLEN LEE,
LUCIPHINE EVERETT,
MARGARET PATTERSON,
MARGARET STEPHENS,

MARY SPENCER,
CARLOTTA LEWIS,
CLAIR WOODRUFF,
EDITH BRENT DUVALL,
MATTIE FRETWELL,
VERGIE NUNN,
DOROTHY STONE,
BESS HOWARD,
FANNIE MARSTON.

S. T. A. R.



YELL.

Hiyi! Kiyi!

Who are we?

Sumus, sumus,

Populi,

S. T. A. R.

ELEANOR ABBITT,
LULA SUTHERLIN,
GERTRUDE BURTON,
MARY H. SPENCER,
MARY WATKINS,

LIZZIE JAMES,
ELEANOR JAMISON,
GERTRUDE DAVIDSON,
LIZZIE BATTEN,
VIVIAN MEANLEY,

STEPTOE CAMPBELL.

G. C. G. C.



NAN GILKESON



HATTIE CRUTE



MARY V. HOMES



SIDNEY GUY



BESSIE McCRAW



PATTIE JONES



BLANCHE PIGGOTT



German Club

COLORS: *Red and white.*

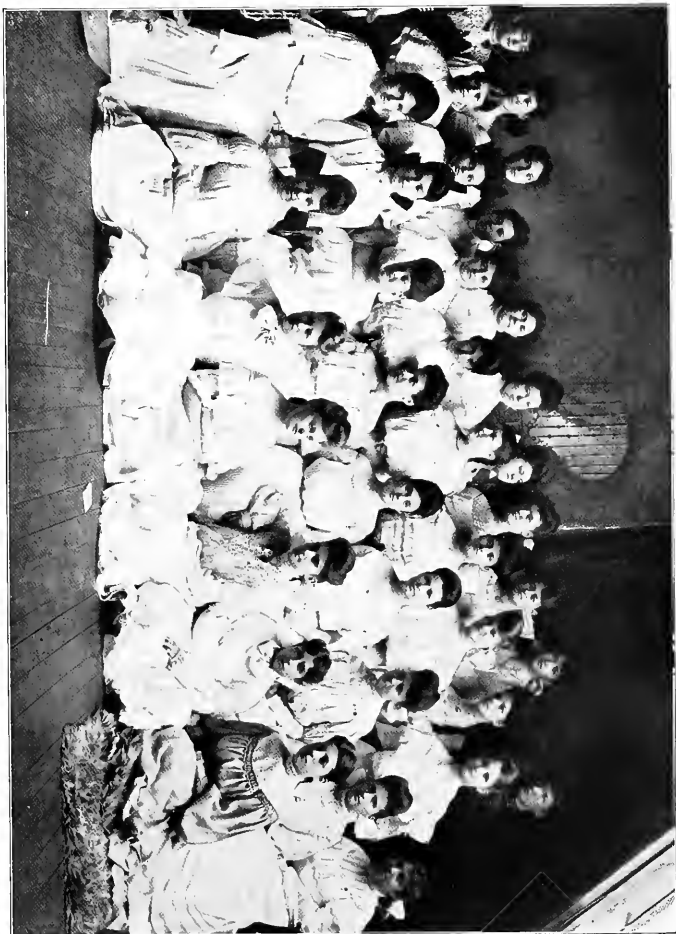
FLOWER: *American Beauty.*

<i>Leader</i>	EMMA WARING.
<i>Assistant Leader</i>	BRUCE MORTON.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>	HATTIE KELLY.

MEMBERS.

MERLE ABBITT,	LOIS LEONARD,
BLANCHE ARMISTEAD,	GERTRUDE LIGON,
MOLLIE BYERLY,	ELLEN LEE,
VIRGINIA BOYD,	FANNIE MARSTON,
LUCY BROOKE,	JULIA MASSEY,
FLORRIE BATTEN,	BRUCE MORTON,
LIZZIE BATTEN,	FRANKIE MCKINNEY,
VIVIAN BOISSEAU,	LUCY MANSON,
MARY COLEMAN,	GEORGIE NEWBY,
LOUISE CON,	KATHLEEN PRICE,
HATTIE CRUTE,	JULIA PALMER,
EFFIE DUNN,	LUCILE PLEASANTS,
MARTHA EDMUNDS,	MARGARET PATTERSON,
LUCIPHINE EVERETT,	SALLIE RICE,
EMMA EDWARDS,	MILDRED RICHARDSON,
ISABELLE FLOURNOY,	ANNE RICHARDSON,
ANNIE GARROW,	MARY SPENCER,
BESSIE HOWARD,	RUTH SCHMELZ,
MARY V. HOMES,	KATHERINE VERSER,
JULIETTE HUNDLEY,	ELIZABETH VERSER,
NELLIE JOHNSON.	CLAIR WOODRUFF,
PATTIE JONES,	CALVA WATSON,
CARRIE KYLE,	MARY WATKINS,
HATTIE KELLY,	EMMA WARING.

OUR MUSICIANS: MAUD MASON and ANNIE CUTLER.



GERMAN CLUB



Greene County Club

MARIE MOYERS, *Green*.

MARY EWELL, *Greener*.

MAMIE FLETCHER, *Greenest*.

MOTTO: *Montani semper liberi.*

FLOWER: *Mountain laurel.*

COLOR: *Green.*

SONG.

(TUNE: "Teasing.")

*Thinking, thinking,
Ever of the mountains blue;
Longing, longing,
For the friends in old Greene true;
Loving, loving,
Best of all, ere this life is through,
Greene, old Greene dear, we are only
Only loving you!*

Black Cats



MARY FORD
"First Violin"

MERLE ABBITT
"Beautiful"

LOIS LEONARD
"Buzz"

MARY HOMES
"Shootie"

DETTIE PRICE STARLING
"Wild Cat"

LUCY MANSON
"Angel"

ELEANOR JAMISON
"Baby Gym"

STEPTOE CAMPBELL
"Artistic Cat"

SUSIE FORD
"Shy Cat"

MARY SCHOFIELD
"Gum Drop"

LIZZIE JAMES AND ELEANOR ABBITT
Alumnae



S. C. Campbell
'06





The Long and Short

MOTTO: *Eat and grow tall,
Sigh and grow small.*

FLOWERS: *Sunflower and daisy.*

FAVORITE READINGS: *Stories of giants and pygmies.*

YELL.

Razzle-de-dazzle-de-ha-ha-ha,
Long and short, ra-ra-ra,
Ha-ha-ha, he-he-he,
A great big giant and a little pygmie.

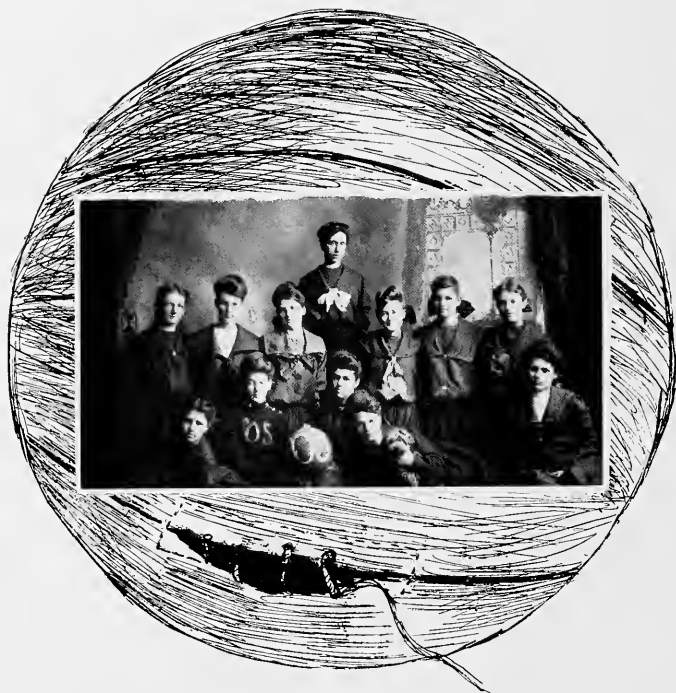
LONG.

DOROTHY STONE, *Captain.*
STEPTOE CAMPBELL,
NAN GILKESON,
PATTIE LOVE JONES,
GERTRUDE BURTON,
CARRIE DUNGAN,
BESS HOWARD,

SHORT.

NELLIE BAKER, *Captain.*
HATTIE CRUTE,
ANNE RICHARDSON,
MARY HUMPHRIES,
NAN NICHOLSON,
MARIAM JONES,
VERGIE NUNN.





FIRST TEAM

Basket Ball

I TEAM.

SCORE.

2.

4.

"The Reds."

"The Whites."

MOTTO: *Do or die.*

MOTTO: *Boast not, but play your best.*

COLORS: *Red and blue.*

COLORS: *Blue and white.*

TEAM SONG: *To tune of "Uncle Sammy."* TEAM SONG: *To tune of "Blue Bell."*

We are the Red team of the S. N. S.

To beat's our business,

Whoop-tarre-diddle-dee;

And when we play,

We play with might and main;

The "Whites" may play,

But they play in vain,

Hurrah! whoop!

Good-bye old "Reds" so small,

Farewell to you

You can't play basket-ball,

As you want to do.

We'll make our scores all right,

That makes you blue,

You'll find we'll win to-night,

As we always do.

MISS HILLS, *Umpire.*

ELIZABETH VERSER, *Captain*

GRACE WALTON, *Captain.*

Forwards:

Guards:

Forwards:

Guards:

EFFIE DUNN,

JENNIE CRIGLER,

LIZZIE DAVIS,

ELEANOR WIATT,

ELIZABETH VERSER

LOCKETT WALTON, GRACE WALTON,

CARRIE HIGHT.

Center:

Center:

EMMA WARING,

HELEN LEASON,

FANNIE CHRISTIAN, *Substitute.*

EDITH ROGERS, *Substitute.*



Basket Ball

II TEAM.

SCORE.

0.

"The Reds."

MOTTO: *The game's afloat
Follow your spirit.*

YELL: Ging! Ging! Ging!
Jarr! Jarr! Jarr!
Basket Ball!
Basket Ball!
Hah! Hah! Hah!

COLOR: *Red.*

FRANK JONES, *Captain.*

2.

"The Whites."

MOTTO: *Never give up short of suc-
cess.*

YELL: Rah! Rah! One and all!
Basket Ball!
Basket Ball!
With all our might!
Left! Right!
White! White!

COLOR: *White.*

VIRGINIA PAULETT, *Captain.*

MISS HILLS, *Umpire.*

Forwards:

KYLE DAVIS,
BELLE BROSIUS,

Guards:

FRANK JONES,
LUCY SINCLAIR.

Forwards:

BLANCHE ARMISTEAD, CARRIE KYLE,
VIRGINIA PAULETT. ANNIE BIDGOOD

Guards:

Center.

WIRT DAVIDSON,
SUSAN STONE, *Substitute.*

Center:

HATTIE PAULETT,
GERTRUDE BURTON, *Substitute.*



Archery Club

COLORS: *Turf-green and white.*

OUR AIM: *The bull's eye.*

President

OLIVE MAY HINMAN.

Secretary and Treasurer

LUCY HAWES MANSON.

ARCHERS.

MISS NATALIE LANCASTER,

STEPTOE C. CAMPBELL,

OLIVE M. HINMAN,

ELMER E. JONES,

HELEN LEASON,

LUCY H. MANSON,

ZOULA LA BOYTEAUX

J. CHESTER MATTOON,

RHEA SCOTT,

CLAIR WOODRUFF.



Kodak Club

MOTTO: *"Make hay while the sun shines."*

COLORS: *Orange and maroon.*

FAVORITE PLACE FOR SNAP-SHOTS: *The Springs.*

PHOTOGRAPHERS.

LIZZIE BATTEN,
GEORGIE NEWBY,
VIRGINIA BOYD,
*AGNES PINNER,
MARY SPENCER,
FLORRIE BATTEN,

JAIRA CHAPMAN,
*STEPTOE CAMPBELL,
MARGARET PATTERSON,
BESSIE FERGUSON,
MAGGIE EDWARDS,
*CALVA WATSON.

*Absent when picture was taken.

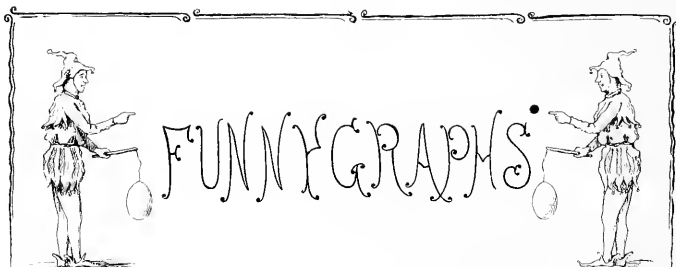


By Popular Vote



Prettiest girl	KATE PERRY.
Most Popular	LUCY MANSON.
Most Intellectual	MARY SCHOFIELD.
Hardest Student	FLORENCE INGRAM.
Cutest	HATTIE CRUTE.
Best Dancer	EMMA WARING.
Best Girl	SUE MUSE.
Most Modest	ROY ROGERS.
Most Original	STEPTOE CAMPBELL.
Jolliest	JULIA PALMER.
Most Graceful	EFFIE DUNN.
Wittiest	LUCY MANSON.
Best Singer	LOIS LEONARD.
Best Athlete	BESSIE VERSER.
Biggest Borrower'	MAGGIE EDWARDS.





Dr. S—(after explaining to his civics class the process by which one may petition the Legislature to change his name): "Now, Miss P-l-e-, how could you change your name?"

Miss P—: "I really don't know that I can, Dr. S—; but I hope to do so."

(A stranger was seen to enter the school yard) *M-r- S-h-f-e-d:* "Girls, I looked at that man and he looked at me: Was that flirting?"

Katharine: "Lucy, did you ever see a fringed gentian?"

Lucy B—: "What? No child, I don't know a thing about *birds*."

Miss H-r-i-o-: "What is meant by Republican Government?"

S-d-e H-l-a-d: "'Tis when the white men vote for negroes."

New Girl: "There's one girl here who has a mighty funny name."

Old Girl: "What is it?"

New Girl: "Sigma Sigma Sigma Sorority. She gets a lot of mail, too."

J-l-a M-s-e, quoting Cæsar to her roommates: "'When shall we three meet again?'"

Belle: "My eyes have been hurting so I can hardly study."

Berenice: "Child, an optometrist from Richmond will be here in a few days; why don't you go down and have your eyes examined?"

President of Senior B Class: "Now, girls, will each of you please write your full name on a slip of paper and hand it to the secretary?"

Senior B: "I haven't any full name."

Grace C—: "Did you know that Miss R— had taught elocution at Blackstone?"

E. L.: "Isn't elocution the same thing as physical training?"

Dr. S—: "Miss W., what is the Embargo Act?"

K-t-W-r-i-c-: "Carrying on trade without money."

History teacher: "What is apoplexy?"

Ex-graduate: "I don't really know, but I always thought that 'twas something in the back of your neck that snapped."

Concerning Ponpadours,

"Be not the first by whom the new are tried,

Nor yet the last to lay the old aside."

Learn to labor and to wait. (Candidates for the new full diplomas.)

History teacher: "Why is Mt. Ararat famous?"

C-r-i-M-s-n: "That's where Moses received the Ten Commandments!"

N. B. !!!

10:45 A. M., Monday.

Dr. S— admitted that something happened by accident!!!

New Girl (seeing coal brought up): "What are they going to do with all that coal?"

The Senior B: "They are going to heat the building with it."

New Girl: "Oh! I thought the building was heated by steam."

Girl (to Librarian): "Is ' Evelyn Byrd' in here now?"

Librarian: "I haven't seen her."

Query Column

What happened to that Derby?

Has Margaret Sharpe ever found a "clever" girl?

Has March Edmonds succeeded in securing an antidote for sleepiness?

Why did not Bessie Wade and Calva Watson come home after Educational Seminar on Monday night, March 13?

Has Mary Ford read the "Gray Jacket" to any girl on Jarman Hall?

Why didn't Bessie Ferguson take a reserved seat at the Opera House at the Hampden-Sidney play, Friday night, March 24?

Why does Edith D. sweep her room at midnight?

Has Page Pierce succeeded in life?

What warns Betsey L—— to lock her trunk?

Why does Virginia Boyd prefer the direction of the setting sun?

Who broke Mr. Hunt's camera?

What is Maud Mason's favorite hymn (him)?

Where did B—— W—— find a "fool's head?"

Why has Annie Lindsay gained so much popularity since Christmas?

Why is Science Hall always so cold? Because of the constant presence of Snow.

Why do we have to climb in the gymnasium? We cannot get around Hills.

Why are we like rare beefsteak when we take vertical writing? We are under Dunn.

In what respect does the arithmetic room resemble England? It contains London.

Why can't the assistant in mathematics teach English history? She would favor the red rose too much.

What's in a Name

What gives Sallie Payne?
To have Frances Stoner.

When does Bessie Wade?
When Carrie Withers.

In what does Anna Diehl?
In Wood and Stone.

What makes Elizabeth Redd?
Contact with Ruby Berry.

When was Lillian Still?
When Sallie Rose.

What is Bertha Owen?
Grace Cash.

What does Evelyn Shirk?
Giving Fannie Moore.

When does Mary Ford?
When she reaches Lucy Brooke.

What does Alice Ware?
White, Redd and Brown.

What makes Happy Wilder?
To have Hattie Turner.

What is Maybelle Herring?
Bessie Howlette.

When is Leonardine Wright?
When she gives Bessie Justis.

What sent Beulah East?
To tell Katie Knott to have Agnes Pinner.

When does Loudella Reed?
While Alice Grubbs.

What gave Carrie Bliss?
To treat Vivian Meanley.

What makes Lillian Bland?
To see Mary Pierce Anne Page.

What has Willie Hurd?
Lena Nock.

What has Effie Dunn?
Made Virginia Gray.

When does Pearl Hunt?
When Daisy Diggs.

Why is Gracie Cross?
To see Margaret Sharp.

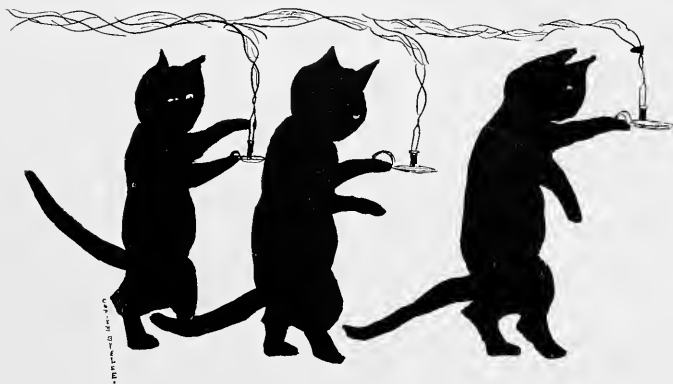
What does Helen Haight?
To have Lillian Greaver.

What is Emma Waring?
A Mann Button.



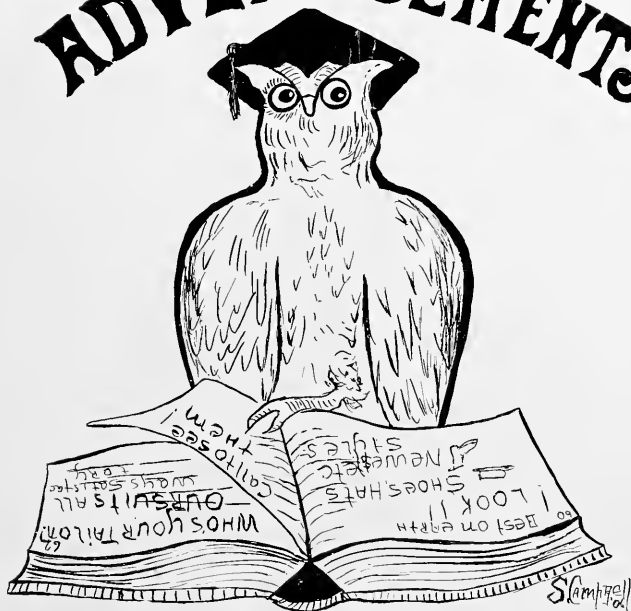
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FINIS

ADVERTISEMENTS.



STATE FEMALE NORMAL SCHOOL

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

FOUNDED by the Legislature to educate teachers for the public schools. Free tuition for young women who pledge themselves to teach in the State two years. Scholarships appointed among the Counties and Cities

Liberal courses in Language, Literature, History, Sciences, and the Manual Arts.

A graded Training School in which students receive a year's practice in teaching before going out to teach.

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APPLICATION

SESSION BEGINS SEPTEMBER 6th

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RICHMOND, VA.

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VIRGINIA

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA. :::

EDWIN A. ALDERMAN, President

The next session of the University begins 15th September and continues nine months.

The following departments of Study are represented:

I. ACADEMICAL

Includes the schools of

Latin
Greek
Romanic Languages
Teutonic Languages

English Language
English Literature
Historical Science
Moral Philosophy

Pure Mathematics
Applied Mathematics
Astronomy
Natural Philosophy

Chemistry
Analytical Chemistry
Biology
Geology

Each school offers an independent course of study, leading to a diploma of graduation in the school. In each school there is also offered a limited B. A. course, and graduation in *ten* of these courses (chosen with restricted election) leads to the degree of Bachelor of Arts. A Bachelor of Arts, upon graduation in four schools (chosen with free election), receives the degree of Master of Arts; or upon graduation in three schools and completing post-graduate courses of study in two of these schools, he receives the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. In addition, a special course has been arranged for the Government consular service.

II. ENGINEERING

Four distinct courses are offered, leading to degrees in Civil, Mining, Mechanical and Electrical Engineering, and requiring for their completion three or four years each, according to the preparation of the applicant. In addition to the purely didactic work, which is unusually copious and exact, ample facilities are provided for practical exercises in the field, the drawing room, the shops, and the mechanical, physical, chemical, and geological laboratories.

III. LAW

The course as lately reorganized is distributed over two years, as follows:

JUNIOR YEAR.—The Law of Persons; Personal Property (including Sales); Wills of Personality and Administration; the Law of Contracts; the Law of Crimes and Criminal Procedure; Mercantile Law; Negotiable Paper, Partnership, Insurance; Torts, Bailments, and Carriers; Theory of Government; Constitutional Law; International Law.

SENIOR YEAR—Equity Jurisprudence and Procedure; Bankruptcy; Pleading and Practice in Civil Cases; the Law of Real Property; the Law of Corporations; the Law of Evidence; the Conflict of Laws.

The candidate for the B. L. degree is required to attend two full sessions of the law school.

An excellent special course is provided for students who can attend but a single session and who are not candidates for the degree.

The Library facilities are excellent.

IV. MEDICAL

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